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The Rim of Hell

WITH the off-shore islands and Formosa blanketed by a security screen, it is difficult to know exactly what is happening there. But it is clear that the level of US involvement in the actual fighting rises from hour to hour. A decision has plainly been taken in Washington that US forces will ensure the supply of Quemoy, using whatever tactical measures are necessary. US planes have already broached the three-mile limit and are carrying out night sorties over the island and probably over the surrounding coast. These steps are proving inadequate, and the pressure is growing for positive action against the coast batteries. Chiang Kai-shek, in an interview with Joseph Alsop, stated that the Nationalists would soon be forced to take action themselves. But it is generally agreed that, if the batteries are to be silenced, a nuclear strike – which only the US can mount – will be employed.

Mr Dulles hopes and believes that this inexorable military logic will force the Chinese to climb down. This is his real diplomatic policy. The Warsaw talks are thus a sham, providing merely a forum in which it is hoped that a Chinese withdrawal will take place. On all the basic issues – recognition, admission to the UN, neutralisation of Formosa – there is not the slightest evidence that Washington will give way. The most Dulles is prepared to concede is an eventual neutralisation of the off-shore islands at the price of Chinese renunciation of force and territorial claims. Anything short of this will invoke the nuclear deluge.

Behind Mr Dulles's savage intransigence lies a deeper calculation of probabilities. Should China force him to carry out his threats, he believes there is a strong chance that Russia will abandon her ally and that, after a sharp nuclear onslaught, the stability of desolation will descend on the area. This demonstration of Soviet unwillingness to risk a head-on challenge would, he believes, compensate for the appalling psychological consequences of US use of nuclear bombs. He understands the risks he is taking, but he believes them acceptable because, in the event of a positive Soviet response, America would enter Armageddon fully alerted and with a decisive edge in striking power.

The military considerations which underlie Dulles's strategy were bluntly presented to BBC viewers in an interview with the Nato Chief-of-Staff on Tuesday night. He explained that the Soviet stockpile of ICBMs – to which he admitted there was at present no defence – was still too small to inflict vital damage on America's war-winning capacity; whilst at the same time, Strategic Air Command could mount a knock-out blow. What would happen in two or three years' time, however, he was unable to envisage. The clear implication of his message was that, if war must come, let it come soon.

But one factor has been omitted from these calculations. While at present the American citadel can still survive the holocaust, her peripheric defences are already under the spreading shadow of Soviet ballistic power. There is abundant evidence that batteries of shorter range missiles are already mounted in East Germany, capable of reducing Britain to ashes. The risks run by Britain and the US are thus totally disproportionate; and the final irony is that they are being embraced for a cause in which Britain believes America to be wrong.

These appalling realities found no place in Mr Gaitskell's well-meaning but ineffectual correspondence with Mr Macmillan. If Mr Dulles's calculations misfire, how can Britain escape total involvement? Short of forcibly preventing SAC from using its British airfields – which might irreparably weaken its striking-power – a British government would find it impossible to adopt an attitude of neutrality which Russia would honour. Besides, we have no proof that Mr Macmillan is making, even in private, the representations to Washington which public opinion here is united in demanding. A victim himself of the Munich neurosis, he may well feel that Dulles's overall strategy is correct, irrespective of the local legal issues. This ambiguity should be resolved by a full and public government statement, making it clear that only an abrupt change in America's China policy can ensure British involvement. Such a warning could give heart and purpose to the 'sane men' in the US and force Dulles to seek in Warsaw the solution he has refused to find in Quemoy.

Comments on the Week's News

A New Low in Cyprus

The decision to drive through the Macmillan plan at all costs against the total opposition of the Greek Cypriots is tragic. It is no secret that, in recent months, there was a marked change of attitude among responsible Greek leaders, including Makarios – an acknowledgement that some modification in long-standing Greek objectives had become inevitable. The government is presumably gambling that this softer attitude will survive the arrival on 1 October of the Turkish Commissioner. The probability is that British policy in the past few weeks has done just what was necessary to close the widening breach between Makarios and Grivas: once again all Greek Cypriots will feel a patriotic obligation to support Eoka. Almost more serious, however, is the increasingly questionable attitude of the security forces. Allowing for a lot of exaggeration in Greek complaints, it still seems certain, first, that some sort of counter-terrorist organisation has been formed by UK residents – one hopes not by young officers off duty; and, secondly, that there is a growing brutality towards both persons and property by the security forces when on duty. Last week-end's complaints about the *ratissage* (as the French call it in Algeria) carried out by the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders near Paphos were investigated by the army authorities – a totally unsatisfactory form of investigation. The complacent finding that, among the 49 people questioned, no worse injuries were discovered than the scratches and bruises one might find after a football match is breath-taking. The villagers of Kathikas are British citizens, to be presumed innocent until they are convicted of an offence, and they did not choose to go footballing against the rifle butts of the Argyll and Sutherlands.

Onward to the Polls

Mr Macmillan's announcement that there will be no election this autumn must be read in the context of *Onward in Freedom*, the brief which the Conservative Central Office has provided for its propagandists in the recruiting campaign which began this week. While an election might be fought and won in the next few months on the present prestige of the Prime Minister, the Conservative party managers have decided to put it off until they have consolidated the party's position in the country. The purpose of the current campaign is to persuade the marginal voters that the Tory Party has a genuinely new and more liberal *persona*, and, at the same time, to reassure the party stalwarts that it stands by the old articles of faith. From that point of view, *Onward in Freedom* is an ingenious document. By the time that it has been simplified into campaign speeches, it will create the impression that the Tory Party is really the champion of economic expansion, high investment and employment, the friend of the small business man and home-owner, and the protagonist of real equality of opportunity in education. No matter that it glosses over such awkward questions as the Rent Act, the impact of dear money, disastrous military adventures in the Middle East, or the cuts imposed upon education and the welfare services in the past seven years, or that, by selecting its statistics carefully, it gives a false picture of what has been happening in Britain. This is the small change of party propaganda. The fact remains that it shows Conservative workers – and the Tory press – how to make their party seem responsible, reasonable and yet sufficiently liberal to defend Britain from 'the drab, authoritarian and irrelevant doctrines of Socialism'.

Testing the Faubus Plan

A year ago, the showdown at Little Rock tested resistance to the Supreme Court on a relatively simple issue. Could a state governor defy a federal court order to open a particular school to Negro children? At great effort and expense, the authority of the court was upheld by bayonets, and the Central High School was kept open. The second stage has now begun, with the direct Supreme Court ruling that Central High School must remain open to Negro and white children. For Arkansas has since passed a number of emergency laws – several other Southern states have similar, but as yet untested, legislation – permitting the state authorities to 'interpose' between the federal courts and the state's citizens. Under the first of the new laws, Governor Faubus has shut down Central High School on the grounds 'that an efficient educational system cannot be maintained', while he has called for a referendum on 27 September in which a majority of all registered electors (not actual voters) could rescind this decision. Should there be no such majority, Central High School might be leased to a non-profit-making corporation for operation as a private and segregated school, or the white pupils would be permitted to opt for another school, or for segregated classes within Central High School. It is not the substance of these evasive laws that matters, but the possibilities they offer of further delay while they are tested in the courts. It is possible that the first action may be an order from the local federal court instructing the special force of US marshals to open the Central High School in defiance of Governor Faubus. But that ruling could be appealed against, while other counter-actions were started in the state courts. Unless either side takes steps to bring the issue to a head within the next week, the referendum will provide an interesting test of opinion. There is some evidence that many of the parents directly concerned are getting tired of the whole business and that they would welcome a reasonable settlement.

Shot in the Arm

The removal of hire purchase restrictions on a considerable number of commodities and their relaxation on a number of others is likely to provide a substantial stimulus to the flagging home market; and private motor cars, though excluded from the concession, will benefit from the personal loan schemes launched by many banks and finance houses during the past two or three weeks. There is no doubt that the Chancellor is now as eager to support consumer spending – in a mild way – as he was to repress it last year; and his concessions are likely to be popular with a considerable section of the middle classes. On the wages front, however, stiff opposition continues to be offered to the trade unions – especially by the engineering and shipbuilding employers who still seem to be convinced that they have the government on their side in opposing the trade unions. These, for their part, while refusing to give way, show no eagerness for a fight and continue to negotiate at a slow pace to suit the employers' convenience. Presumably, sooner or later, the engineering employers will give way and make a reasonable offer. They appear to be playing for time, rather than determined to provoke an outright struggle with the unions. That, probably, is the government's attitude, too: the more it can spin discussions out, the longer wage advances are delayed by this means, the greater will be the redistributive effects of its concessions to the instalment consumers.

NEXT WEEK

Two Special Reports

R. H. S. Crossman from China

Paul Johnson from Ireland

No Arms for Sukarno

The announcement that Britain is to discriminate against Indonesia by refusing to allow the sale of certain arms to the Indonesian government 'at present' is bound to damage relations between the two countries. It will have a still worse effect on relations between Indonesia and Australia. For the decision was taken after talks between the Dutch Foreign Minister, Mr Luns, and the Australian Minister for External Affairs, Mr R. G. Casey, in whom the Dutch have found a willing partner in their lingering colonial struggle to hold on to West Irian. Indonesian observers say that Mr Casey is now trying also to persuade the Americans to modify their promise, made some months ago, to sell arms to Indonesia. This is a short-sighted policy, which no measure of good and generous neighbourly co-operation in other directions – the training of Indonesian technicians and other assistance through the Colombo Plan, for instance – can offset. Foreign Minister Subandrio has repeatedly assured the Australian government that force will not be used to occupy West Irian and that Indonesian policy is based on the Pancha Sila. Mr Casey's activities in London and Washington may provide a talking point in the forthcoming Australian elections. But on a longer view his policy endangers good relations with his nearest neighbour and gives Djakarta no option but to buy arms from Communist countries.

The Worst of Two Worlds

In making his decisions on the Northern Rhodesian constitution Mr Lennox-Boyd has tried to achieve two incompatible objects. On the one hand, he has attempted to prevent his proposals becoming the principal issue in the forthcoming federal elections; on the other, he has tried to introduce refinements to reflect current racial developments in the territory itself. The inevitable result is that his new constitutional proposals will become the focus of European hostility in the federal elections, while at the same time they will be attacked from all sides inside Northern Rhodesia. The Africans are

angered by the refusal to grant them even parity in the Legislative Council—they are to have only eight seats compared with 14 European; by the implication that qualifications are to be permanently required for the franchise; by the extension of a chief's veto over candidates; and by the discrimination imposed against the 'special' voters, i.e., those with lower qualifications, who are to have their votes devalued in the European constituencies. The Europeans object to the increase of African ministers from one to two, and believe that the Colonial Office is foisting African representation on them. In present circumstances any Colonial Secretary has to choose whether to face the hostility of Europeans in Central Africa towards genuine participation of the African in political affairs, or to provoke wholesale African opposition by backing the European objective of permanent white domination.

TANU Sweeps the Board

The results of the first elections in Tanganyika are remarkable. Each of the five constituencies had to elect three candidates, an African, a European, and an Asian. The main African organisation, the Tanganyika African National Union, has not only secured all five African seats, but, in addition, won all European and Asian seats with the candidates to whom it had given approval. This clean sweep by TANU immediately disposes of the suggestion often made that the organisation represents only extreme African nationalism. In fact, the African National Congress, which broke away from TANU and represents a largely racialist view, has been completely swept aside. Likewise, the United Tanganyika Party, which tried to seduce Africans into a 'multi-racial' party, has also been soundly defeated. The Tanganyika government now has its final chance. Over the past few years it has shown a surprising reluctance to recognise TANU as one of the most moderate and sensible nationalist movements in Africa. If the government wants to accept the opportunity to make Tanganyika into a model of inter-racial co-operation, it must now show the same degree of understanding and encouragement to Julius Nyerere, TANU's remarkably modest leader, that Sir Charles Arden-Clarke showed so successfully to Nkrumah in Ghana seven years ago.

Labour and Nuclear Tests

In our issue of 13 September we stated that the annual report of the Labour Party Executive omitted to mention the campaign against nuclear tests. This was an error. We were aware that the joint declaration of the Labour Party and the TUC entitled *Disarmament and Nuclear War* was reprinted in the report, but regrettably overlooked a short reference to the campaign which appeared under another heading in the section of the report devoted to press and publicity. The Labour Party informs us that all resolutions appearing on the conference agenda are in order.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Mollet's Rump

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The Socialist Party Congress, which began as usual with a tedious oratorical barrage, ended in drama. At lunchtime on Saturday, M. Edouard Depreux, one of the Seine deputies, announced that the anti-Mollet minority had decided to campaign against the new constitution whatever the decision of the Congress. By the next day it was already known that a large group of M. Depreux's friends were going to leave the party and form an Independent Socialist Party. Their numbers are comparatively small, and they can count on the support of only between 5,000 and 8,000 militants.

But one fact about this group stands out: almost all of them were close associates of Léon Blum. Oreste Rosenfeld, an active Socialist for 54 years, ran *Le Populaire* in its great days. Daniel Mayer was the Secretary-General of the clandestine SFIO during the Occupation. Félix Gouin was premier in 1946, personally designated by Blum. Professor Charles-André Julien and Madame Mireille Osmin were on Blum's staff in the Popular Front government. In short, the Blum 'old guard' decided at Issy-le-Moulineaux to bid a dignified farewell to the party to which they had devoted their lives.

Those who know Depreux, Rosenfeld and Mayer know also the strength of their attachment to their party. On more than one occasion – notably during the struggle against German rearmament – they showed themselves willing to stifle the voice of their conscience and submit to party discipline. Personally, I should not have believed that a strong enough reason could exist to make them leave the party. Their decision illustrates better than anything else the present agony of the French Left. For, on this occasion, contrary to all precedent, Guy Mollet did not ask the minority to accept party discipline. He simply asked them to remain silent and to wait on events while remaining in the party. Jules Moch and Albert Gazier agreed, but not Blum's old guard.

Mollet now remains uncontested master of the party rump. But he bought victory dear. He was forced to accept a resolution on Algeria much nearer to the views of the minority than the actual policies he has pursued since 1955. The SFIO will accept the new constitution, but at the same time it will call for immediate negotiations with the Nationalists and it has rejected the policy of integration sponsored by Soustelle and the colonels. During his three-hour speech, Mollet made it clear that neither he nor de Gaulle has any illusions about the possibility of transforming nine million Algerians into nine million Frenchmen.

But the day after the Congress, the *Echo d'Alger* and General Salan's spokesman, Colonel Lacheroy, made statements contradicting Mollet. According to them, immediately after the Referendum de Gaulle will carry out the integration policy. These blatant contradictions indicate the confusion in which the vote will take place. The majority of the Socialists and the Radicals will ask Frenchmen to vote Yes on 28 September to allow de Gaulle to negotiate a peace in Algeria. The Right and the army clique will also ask Frenchmen to vote Yes so that de Gaulle will carry out a policy which will mean continuing the war. Growing terrorist activity in France is a reminder that de Gaulle cannot long continue to be all things to all men.

Salisbury

Pommies and Commies

A Correspondent writes: In the Central African Federation there is a 'silly season' between two elections – the Southern Rhodesian territorial vote last June and the federal election due in October or November. Mr Macintyre's federal budget was a tender caress of the electorate that could have left them in no doubt how much, for the moment, he preferred their votes to their money. His passionate pursuit of the former was made possible by the fact that the steep drop in revenue from copper profits will not be felt till next year.

The adverse balance of payments last year was £70 million, met by running down the reserves by one-third – £46 million – plus outside capital investment of £24 million. This highly dangerous situation led to the belated introduction of a very unpopular credit squeeze. The Establishment makes great play of two alleged consequences. One, that May and June figures show a favourable trade balance; two, that the reserves at £105 million show a slight improvement on the darkest days of 1957. That the trend looks much more healthy cannot obscure a £10 million trading loss for this first half of 1958, against a profit of £4 million for the same period in disastrous 1957, nor that the tougher half-year is to come. The vaunted increase of £5 million to the reserves may well mean no more than an early influx of capital and delayed debt-discharge. Unless Mr Macintyre can count on foreign investment considerably in excess of last year's £24 million – which is highly problematical – he will ultimately be down by all of 1957's £70 million. Such a deficit can only be met out of currency reserves. How will that be explained away?

Sir Roy Welensky continues to drive round the same closed propaganda circuit, pooping off at the 'Pommies' (the Colonial Office), the 'Commies' (a significant side-track) and Barbara Castle. He seems to think that these lines lead on to 'Independence' in 1960 – a shrewd variant for Dominion status – as well as to retention of the federal premiership. Emerging from his resounding defeat in the territorial election, Mr Garfield Todd has been conducting a fact-finding tour of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. He still refuses to compromise, or be compromised, as do the vast majority of the eclipsed United Rhodesia Party.

With racial tension growing apace in all three territories, independent thinkers are apt to be divided into two camps – those who would like 'partnership' to vanish from the written preamble of the federal constitution, the abandonment of a guiding principle after only five years, and those who wish to replace federation with contiguous white and black states. Not all of these latter necessarily have leanings towards the Dominion Party, and even when they have they may be sincere considering the promise made to Africans in the northern protectorates that brought federation into being.

In the midst of such politico-economic stresses and strains, Rhodesians are continually encouraged to lift up their eyes to the Kariba hydro-electric project which seems to have become the totem of the Federation. When cheap and abundant power flows from its cornucopia, it is assumed that world industry will queue up for the benefits. It seems to be forgotten that power is only one item in a manufacturer's budget, and that a cheap, efficient and contented labour-force would provide a far greater attraction. The lengthy findings of the

recently published 'Urban African Affairs Commission' for Southern Rhodesia, the Pleyman Report, are a confession of how little has been done in the field of siting, housing, feeding and training African labour. If half the money to be lavished on the first stage of the Kariba power-project had been devoted to the scientific planning of manufacturing industry here, the prospect before us would be very different.

Teheran

The Plots Thicken

A Correspondent writes: There is mild panic in the air in Teheran as the Shah and his American allies wonder whether a Baghdad-style military coup can happen there. This is apparent from the fortnightly announcement of typically Iranian plots nipped in the bud and from the nervous Shah's sudden desire to 'meet the people'. Thus, on 10 September, the Shah, who had spoken in intimate detail about the personal struggle involved in casting off Queen Soraya to hundreds of American reporters, finally granted his first audience ever to Iranian journalists. Significantly, he said he was 'very much interested' in learning what the man in the bazaar thought of events. The fact is, thanks to censorship and police, it is impossible to gauge the popular attitude toward the regime.

The authorities, however, are reasonably sure that something is brewing among the younger officers. One of the things which worries them most is the fact that Khosrow Rusbeh, who had been in charge of the Tudeh (Communist) Party's penetration of the Iranian army, died before a firing squad on 11 May without betraying Tudeh sympathisers still in the army. Unlike other captured Tudeh leaders, who had betrayed their comrades wholesale, Khosrow Rusbeh kept his secrets despite months of torture. Therefore although over 600 Tudeh-sympathisers have been purged from the army since the overthrow of Dr Mossadeq in 1953, largely due to the efforts of Major General Bakhtiar, the ruthless chief of Iran's security police, the security forces do not know whether three or 3,000 still remain.

This lack of certainty has led to jumpiness. In mid-August it was announced that a colonel of the Gendarmerie, Mansur Ordubadi, had been arrested as the source of leaflets of a 'Nationalist Officers' Group'. Inflammatory leaflets and printing material, which the security forces had sought for months, were found at his house. But further investigation apparently showed that this was a typically complicated Iranian plot to increase panic by throwing doubt on the loyalty of the gendarmerie. They found the man who planted the material and, after a little persuasion, he led them to two ex-journalists who, presumably after more persuasion, admitted they had written the leaflets.

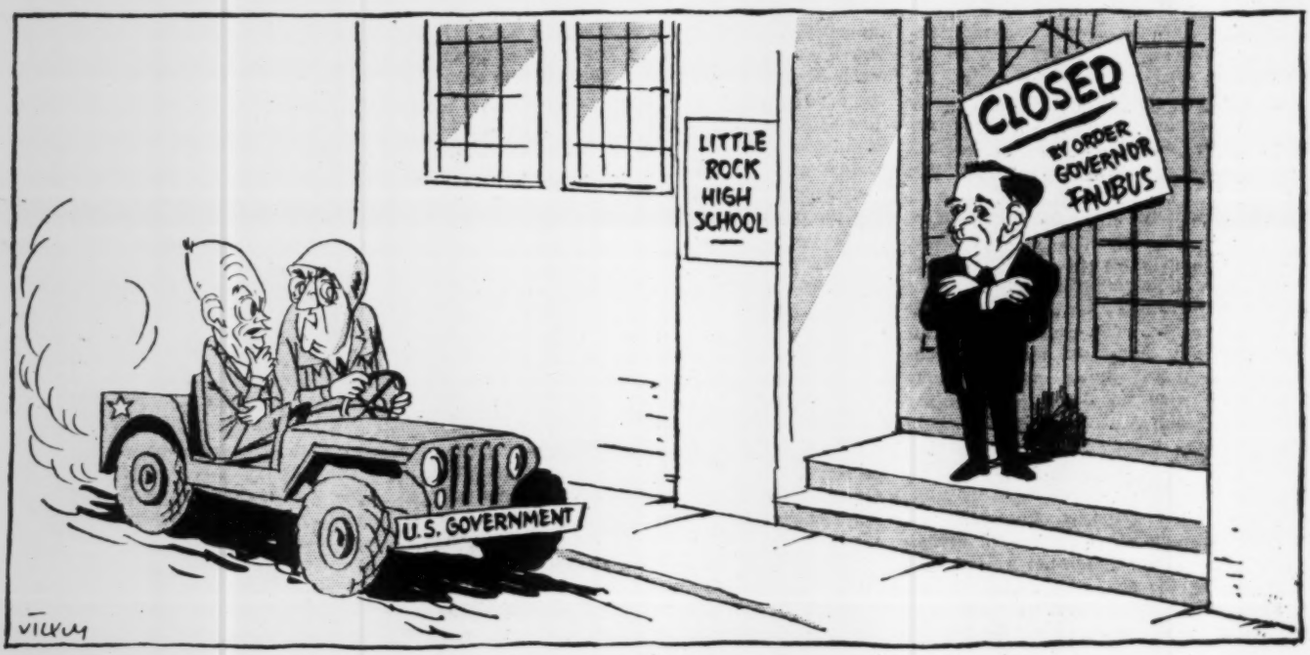
A fortnight later the Iranian army prosecutor, General Azmoudeh, uncovered a new plot. He underlined the fact that no army officers or young intellectuals were involved; the arrested comprised a judge, three journalists and, most interesting, Mostafa Fateh, a bank director and former assistant general manager of the former Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. Mostafa Fateh was an old and loyal employee of the AIOC who reached the top post allowed an Iranian. During the war he was encouraged to become the leader of the anti-Fascist Society when Britain wanted to encourage anti-Nazi feeling in Iran after deposing the pro-German Reza Shah, father of the present Shah. Later, when trade unions raised their heads in the Abadan field, he was promoted to assistant general manager, with special responsibility for AIOC's Iranian staff. He was again pushed forward in 1951 when AIOC struggled belatedly to stave off Mossadeq's nationalisation. By arresting him now the Iranian government is clearly trying to recommend itself to its nationalist opponents. This is all good complicated Iranian fun – but the joke could turn nasty overnight.

Fleet Street

No Orchids for Dulles

Whatever Mr Macmillan may or may not have said during the course of that now notorious 'social' call Mr Randolph Churchill paid him at No. 10, there can be little doubt in his mind that, with the possible exception of the *Sunday Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, no body of opinion in Fleet Street is prepared to give any support whatever to the idea that Britain's American alliance requires us to keep in step with Mr Dulles.

In Washington the State Department is reputed to have been comforting itself with the theory – possibly encouraged by a few people in the Foreign Office – that 'it is only the Labour Party that is difficult'. Even a cursory study of the press-digest which the President and Mr Dulles receive from the US embassy in London should by now, however, have convinced both of them that this is not so. *The Times*, doing its best to be polite after Mr Eisenhower's television broadcast, commented that he 'had much that was wise and dignified to say on matters of principle'. But 'what he said', it added sharply, 'was worthy of a more rational cause'. And it went on to point out that, although it may be the case as he remarked, that 'the Chinese Communists have been getting along without Quemoy ever since they seized the Chinese mainland nine years ago', it is equally the case that 'during these nine years nothing has been done to disburden the world of an untenable commitment and a risk which is likely to bring it periodically to the brink of war and one day perhaps over it'. Why the US had allowed Chiang Kai-shek to employ the time by piling more troops into the island was, it considered, 'incomprehensible'. The *Mirror* said much the same in stronger words. 'Dulles in Dreamland,' it headed its leading article and told the Secretary of State that if he really believes that America's allies will support her position in the present Far East crisis he 'is living in a dream world.' At the other end of the popular line the *Daily Express's* opinion, although expressed much less bluntly and with a good deal of polite transatlantic noise about 'never faltering in sympathy with the United States', came to much the same thing. It demanded that British policy should clearly acknowledge that 'accommodation involves China's right to recognition as a state lawfully existing among equals'. The *Mail* was prepared to go along with Mr Dulles in so far as Formosa itself is concerned



'Well, what d'you know—HE *refuses to recognise* US . . .'

('China has no great historical claim to it') but was in no doubt whatever that 'the off-shore islands are a different matter'. It was properly scornful of the inspired twitter about another Munich if China's claim to these islands were recognised, adding that it believed its opinion of this nonsense to be shared not only by 'the majority of people in this country but also by a considerable volume of opinion in America'. The *Manchester Guardian's* main leading article on the same day was devoted to the same theme. It headed it 'False Analogy'; and, after a brilliant job in exposing the fallacies of President Eisenhower and Mr Dulles, concluded 'the off-shore islands will certainly have to go to the mainland. . . . And the Peking government will have to be admitted to the United Nations'.

Meanwhile the *Herald* has demanded in leader after leader a much less equivocal statement from the British government than has yet been given that Britain will in no circumstances allow herself to get involved if America uses force in the defence of Quemoy and Matsu. The *News Chronicle* has designated America's Chinese policy as 'a catalogue of blunders' and declared 'there is hardly a responsible person in Britain who does not disapprove of the thesis – now apparently widely held in Washington – that these islands are a vital American interest'. And the *Observer*, going even further, has accused President Eisenhower of 'dishonesty' in his exposition of the American attitude and made it plain that in its view the 'folly or obstinacy' of American policy not only 'makes it difficult to sympathise with America's difficulties now' but 'explains, if it does not excuse, the aggressive behaviour of the Chinese Communists'.

Only the *Daily Telegraph* – with the *Sunday Times* lagging nervously a step or two behind – has been prepared to follow submissively wherever Mr Dulles may go. In a leading article, in which it beat every emotional drum it could come by, it accused the Labour Party of being 'both cowardly and dishonest' for seeking to prevent Britain from being involved. It praised the Foreign Office – possibly to the Foreign Office's embarrassment – for 'ranging this country firmly behind the United States', declared that, if China invaded the off-shore islands, Britain must 'unequivocally support American intervention', and in a final burst of passion warned the Chinese Communists that they might 'bring down upon them not only the awesome firepower of the Seventh Fleet but also the denunciation of all sections of the free world, committed and neutralist alike'. Even the *Sunday Times* could not bring itself to go quite so far – though it did commend President Eisenhower for 'standing firm' and declared that, if America did get involved in a war, 'interest and honour alike would oblige us to give all the support in our power'. But it pointed out that 'the policy of non-recognition becomes increasingly absurd', since Mr Eisenhower has admitted the possibility of negotiation with Peking. Mr Dulles will have to comfort himself with the *Daily Telegraph* – and, of course, Mr Randolph Churchill.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Eisenhower's Deadly Slogans

CERTAIN familiar phrases in the mouths of statesmen today curdle the blood. They are the clichés regularly used to prepare public opinion for war. President Eisenhower has not omitted any of them. And though Mr Macmillan replied to Mr Gaitskell's appeal with a snub, that does not mean that he is unaware of the implications of the President's defence of American policy. Americans, Eisenhower explains, 'have always been passionately devoted to peace with honour'; they never resort to arms 'except against aggression and to protect their vital interests'. They will negotiate and conciliate to the limit, but not under duress – which means that the other side must begin by calling off the fighting – and they will never 'appease' – which means that the other side, who are by hypothesis the aggressors, must do the climbing down. The President ended, without a hint of irony, by talking about 'a just and lasting peace'. These are the traditional psychological preparations for war, familiar at least since they were recorded by Thucydides.

Our age has added an even more significant cliché. 'Munich', said Eisenhower, 'symbolised the vain hope of appeasing dictators'. It is 'as certain as can be' that the attack on Quemoy is 'only part of an ambitious plan of conquest' by the Communist powers. The Reds' conquest of China itself, their wars in Korea and Vietnam, and their declared intention to take Formosa as well as the off-shore islands, are enough evidence. The value of the carefully timed reference to Munich, it will be seen, is that it effectively smothers all the arguments about the legality or morality of America's support for Chiang Kai-shek and makes it unnecessary to recall that for ten years this discredited leader of a corrupt and decadent rump has been supported by the US while he has threatened to invade China; that he has constantly harassed China's shipping and mainland towns; and that, only recently, he has been allowed to pour troops into Quemoy, which is as much part of China as Long Island is part of the United States.

To all the world outside Formosa and the US it is Mr Dulles and the State Department, not in this matter Mao, who is putting the position 'upside down'. The nearest parallel would be if, after the American Revolution of 1776, American Loyalists had been maintained by the Royal Navy on one of America's off-shore islands and had constantly threatened intervention to re-establish George the Third. Because this is obvious to the world, including a large part of the United States, Eisenhower's defence has to be that he will not ask any American boy to 'fight for Quemoy', but only to defend an unimportant island because it is still 'free' and symbolic of American determination to defeat international Communism.

Since we may all be involved in the limitless catastrophe of nuclear war as a result of this distorted presentation of the Quemoy issue, we must make an honest effort to understand what lies behind Eisenhower's rhetoric. First, there are internal American factors. Leading Democrats, including Dean Acheson and Adlai Stevenson, have forcibly pointed out the self-contradictions of American policy. Quemoy was not to be defended unless its defence was necessary for that of Formosa. But the military experts have long agreed both that the island is indefensible and that its defence is not necessary for that of Formosa. Therefore, the issue must be switched from the narrow to the broad ground of American leadership against world Communism. This is particularly important at a time when the Republican Party is facing a disastrous defeat in the congressional elections next November. If war begins, one of the main reasons will be the trivial exigencies of American party warfare.

Secondly – and this is perhaps the most dangerous aspect of the whole situation—the Navy and Air Force see in Quemoy a unique opportunity of winning victory in a hotly contested departmental battle. Will a vast American army ever again be necessary if the Seventh Fleet with its powerful atomic equipment can in few hours silence a determined Chinese offensive? Perhaps Communism can be crippled and made to withdraw, if not actually destroyed, by a press-button operation! Because the Quemoy situation provides an opportunity for testing the new weapons, Admiral Harry Felt, in an obviously calculated indiscretion, explained that he had not enough ordinary explosives, and that if forced to fire he would have to use atomic bombs – which, in fact, are alone likely to be effective against deep concrete gun emplacements. The Chinese – and the world – are thus warned that if they are provoked into engaging an American warship protecting Chiang Kai-shek's supplies, the signal will have been given for general nuclear warfare. Admittedly the risk is great, since in that case Peking can call on her Soviet ally, which is pledged, in Krushchev's words, to respond as it would to an attack on Russia herself. Just how far the chain reaction would then go no one knows, but everyone will fear. And if it is asked how, in spite of these arguments, the President reconciles himself to the monstrous risk, the answer is that he hopes that China, no doubt influenced by Russia, will give way and once more postpone its seizure of Quemoy. But – and here is the real explanation of American toughness today – he has been persuaded by some of his military advisers that a 'show-down' is sooner or later inevitable and that America is in a stronger position now than she will be in a few years' time.

Not very much of the world would accept such reasoning. Scientists everywhere have made people reconsider the old justifications of war, not only because of the fantastic destruction and suffering that would be involved in the physical destruction of war with H-bombs, but also because of the incalculable effects of radio-active fall-out. In England, the letter which Mr Gaitskell addressed to the Prime Minister accurately reflects thoughtful opinion; we are naturally biased by the fact that in case of world war America's bases on this island make us a first Soviet target. Mr Gaitskell puts the matter rightly when he says that the British government should not be content to stand aloof, but should actively intervene in Washington. It is small comfort that the Foreign Secretary has already gone to America; Mr Selwyn Lloyd has already sold the pass in a speech in which he condemned, not America's support of Chiang Kai-shek, but China's use of force in taking over a piece of territory which British governments have always held belongs to her and is wrongfully withheld from her. One obvious lesson which a future British Labour government must learn is that the possession of nuclear weapons and the hospitality shown to American bombers on our shores does not mean that we have much bargaining power in Washington. The Pentagon is well aware that, if war actually happens, the British ally will be carried along to its own destruction, even if 90 per cent. of the population opposes the war. Would not our chances of survival be actually greater if we were to rid ourselves of H-bombs and US bases?

The world outside the American Republican party does not respect the simple dichotomy between the hosts of Light led by the West and those of Darkness in Moscow and Peking. Outside America, the British dominions, and western Europe, there is literally no section of public opinion which would not in this war be

opposed to the US. The majority of men do not assume that world war is 'inevitable'; given patience and a good deal more skill than western diplomacy has recently shown, co-existence may be maintained. If a breathing space were won, an area of non-Communist prosperity could be built in the uncommitted world, and doubts and resistances within the Communist bloc might gradually undermine the dogmatism and ruthlessness of present-day Leninism. What is more surprising—particularly in the case of President Eisenhower who has seen the effects of unconditional surrender in Germany—is his assumption that war can bring ideological victory. The results of war are always incalculable. In a world war mankind may be obliterated or reduced to pre-civilised conditions. If it ends before the H-bombs have completed their work, the prospects of Communism spreading all over the world are greatly increased, even if the governments of Moscow and Peking are destroyed. The process of history is not stopped by military victories. Has President Eisenhower ever asked himself how the 'free world' could survive if the price of ending the present regimes in Moscow and China is destruction of America's great cities, the reduction of Europe to radio-active rubble, and the crumbling of the very fabric of organised life among the countless millions of Asia? What is the meaning of a war for freedom fought with nuclear weapons?

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Integration Without Tears

(Dr Kenneth Little, the author of this article, is Reader in Social Anthropology at Edinburgh University.)

THE difficulty about racial problems is that they are seldom perceived as an ordinary social process. That is why the recent riots have provided a valuable lesson. They have shown that the attacks made upon coloured people should not be seen as racial hostility alone, but as the symptom of much deeper social tensions. These tensions exist because of rapid change and unevenness in our society's development. Although living standards have generally improved, sections of the population still lack amenities. In particular, there is resentment over housing, and the first sign of unemployment also brings the fear that hard-won symbols of material prosperity will be lost. The position of younger working-class people whose ambitions have been especially stirred is also incompatible. Our industrial system pays this group a much higher wage than their fathers would have dreamed of, but our social system is not yet ready to receive them.

In combination, these frustrations amount to a potentially destructive force—a 'free-floating aggression', capable of being turned upon a permitted object. The implications for constructive action, however, are equally evident. They suggest that our approach to the racial problem should involve a much wider framework than the immediate relations of white and black.

It is for this reason that the whole programme of coloured integration may require reconsideration. It has fallen largely to local government bodies and voluntary societies to cope with the practical side of the problem. Much of their effort has necessarily been impromptu, but a large amount of help is being given in addition to the work of the Ministry of Labour and the West Indians' own social agency—the British Caribbean Welfare Service. For example, consultative committees, including representatives of firms employing coloured workers, have been established and are an important form of liaison. Housing associations also exist in various towns, and these provide a means whereby migrants can purchase or occupy houses as tenants of the association. There are as well numerous welfare organisations which assist coloured individuals with their personal and domestic problems. Special welfare officers have also been appointed in some cases; and the churches have generally given the matter extra attention.

With all this good-will and activity the only question is whether the whole affair is becoming a special problem, conceived of in the same guilty way as our society regards delinquency. Admittedly, West Indians are crowded in dilapidated houses, inhabit districts whose amenities are inferior, are industrially under-skilled, and are relatively unadapted to urban living. These, however, are conditions which they share, to some extent, with the white inhabitants of the same area upon whose good temper, in the last analysis, local harmony depends.

In other words, there is a good case for better services, for more welfare officers, for additional opportunities of education and recreation, for rehousing; but it would be wrong to over-emphasise its coloured significance. Churches, welfare organisations, social centres, schemes for training—these all have their part; but not in separate terms. What is more important is that the general life of the community should be invigorated; that new interests should be stimulated in its youth; that fresh efforts should be made over housing; that all who are poorly educated should be encouraged to improve their training. If West Indians prefer to form their own associations, that is their affair. Care should be taken, however, over inter-racial organisations as such, unless they arise spontaneously or serve the real needs of both parties. When, as in the Birmingham Trades Council, there is apparently a mutual desire to talk over common problems, the *raison d'être* is obvious. Similarly, if white and coloured have a common interest in topics international, the natural step is to form an inter-racial club. There is no need, however, for either white or coloured to join a society simply because some well-intentioned patron thinks that this is the way to promote racial amity.

The latter point raises the main obstacle to coloured integration. This is not due solely to the belief that West Indians are more rowdy, play calypsos night and day, or have different methods of cooking. It consists in the fact that the British social system is based largely upon differences in class and that 'colour' has an inferior social connotation. Thus, in a recent investigation, only about 15 per cent. of London landladies would accept a Negro student, and the reason could be traced, quite often, to fear of losing prestige. Judging by the figures, this fear of social declension is as great in Bloomsbury as in less intellectual circles, and sometimes 'colour tax' is exacted in compensation. This is the extra amount that a coloured lodger must pay in order to compete on level terms for accommodation.

Clauses prohibiting the leasing of a house to coloured tenants have a similar implication because 'better-class' neighbourhoods, too, are anxious to preserve their tone. Owners of property, also, are afraid that it may depreciate if a coloured group moves in. There is also evidence that 'respectable' working-class families are no less colour-class conscious, particularly where matrimony is concerned; and it is a considerable over-simplification to regard all working-class antipathy to coloured as either 'sexual jealousy' or 'economic competition'.

These social factors have an implication for events like Notting Hill. The district into which coloured migrants move is not necessarily inexpensive, but it is often undergoing resettlement and is consequently less resistant to strangers and to groups which are unorthodox. Absence of an organised public opinion, however, works both ways. It implies less restraint of disorderliness and that rows can be started without attracting much attention. It follows, therefore, that although the coloured group may initially be tolerated, their position is correspondingly more precarious should the wind blow against them. In that event, they can be singled out for attack before the police, for example, learn what is brewing. Nor, assuming that the rest of the neighbourhood is persuaded to gang-up, need the campaign be organised within the local area. In Notting Hill, apparently, the assault was largely delivered from outside. The advantage of this from the point of view of troubled consciences is that the whole affray can be conveniently blamed upon the teddy boys.

The latter point suggests that future policy should deliberately 'scatter' coloured settlement. According, however, to a recent opinion poll many residents would move away were coloured families to live next door. This means that there is a vicious circle unless something can be done to alter attitudes.

Much obviously depends upon the migrants' own conduct and intentions. If they want middle-class people as neighbours, they must adopt, outwardly at any rate, white middle-class ways. The basic need, however, is for the public to be properly educated about racial matters. Relatively few British persons start with a strong prejudice against the coloured man, but they assimilate the idea of his 'inferiority' because it is part of the cultural atmosphere. Children's books, for instance, are still riddled with grotesque representations of coloured people; many texts used in schools are anthropologically out of date; and it is only a few years ago that the cinema gave up depicting the Negro as a ludicrous and degraded coon.

The difficulty is that very few facilities exist in higher education for teaching teachers the scientific approach to race relations, and that other relevant institutions fail to give the necessary lead. The attitude of the BBC, for example, suggests fence-sitting. The Corporation seems to prefer views and opinions rather than the cold-blooded dissection of colour prejudice, which could be scientifically performed. Since its own portrayal of coloured personality rarely extends beyond boxing and light entertainment, it is also strange that the BBC does not include an occasional Negro scientist, or man of letters, in its high-brow conversaziones, or televise a Nigerian senior civil servant administering European staff. It might be good for some viewers to hear a white subordinate saying 'Sir'.

Ultimately, of course, it is for the government to define this kind of position. The rest of the country will largely follow suit. Is the government prepared to accept such a challenge and to build, as Mr Norman Manley suggests, an inter-racial community? If so, only a comprehensive programme which includes public education as well as local planning will suffice. The government's willingness to sponsor some form of anti-colour bar legislation would provide additional proof of its sincerity. A firm stand on this would give the waverers an example of how to behave, and would demonstrate to all that Britain is determined to uphold coloured dignity.

KENNETH LITTLE

London Diary

LAST week British newspapers enjoyed their usual gloat about the further 'setback', as *The Times* called it, for Bulganin. What could be more characteristic of the Kremlin than that Krushchev, returning from his duck-shooting to fan the flames of war, should find time, first, to hound his old comrade from the Presidium? I suppose this is likely enough; it fits the accepted tradition of Soviet demonology. But it happens, this time anyway, to be untrue. It was no secret among those who follow things in Moscow that, after his recovery from a recent serious operation, Bulganin asked to be assigned to a post in the South, and that Stavropol, where he presides over the Regional Economic Council, is in a notably healthy district and a particularly suitable spot for a sick old man, who no longer wants to be involved in politics or to add to his burdens by arduous journeys to Moscow. To this I can add another fascinating story also from a reliable source. A few months ago a British diplomat was in transit in Ulan Bator, the capital of Mongolia, where Molotov is Soviet Ambassador. He had reason to hope Molotov would see him; in Moscow he was known to be in good health. Anyway, this British diplomat had met Molotov in Moscow; so he left his card and received at once an invitation to tea. Mr and Mrs Molotov were the only people present. Among other inquiries Molotov asked after the health of Mr Attlee. The British diplomat replied that Lord Attlee was now a member of the Lords. 'Ah,' said Molotov with a smile, 'so that's where they send them in your country.'

* * *

The frontier adjustments agreed by the Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan are a promising beginning. In addition to the trouble about the Punjab award of 1947, I found in Dacca a few months ago an acute controversy on the Assam border. One of the reasons for this success is, I think, a change in the US attitude to Pakistan and India. It has belatedly realised that India cannot be treated like a naughty boy because it doesn't fit into the American notion of the way the world should be run, and that continued confusion in Pakistan is dangerous, not advantageous, to US policy. America seems to be playing a part in recent efforts by the Pakistan President to arrange for a bill to go through the National Assembly which is designed to ensure a stable and conservative government at the elections – still promised for next February. At the same time, the US is pressing Pakistan to come to an accommodation with India. Nehru, contrary to a common view over here, has always wanted a prosperous Pakistan with a government which was not too frightened of its opponents to come to a reasonable settlement with India. His task has been made enormously greater because of the emotional effects in both countries of the belief that the US supports Pakistan intransigence. Hope now begins to dawn of reasonable compromises about the technical problem of the canal waters and even of the political problem of Kashmir.

* * *

The police are suspicious of reporters; and, on occasions like the Notting Hill riots, their attitude is understandable. Feckless spectators of the 'excitement' are a real problem, and they are attracted by the sight of reporters and by camera flashes. Yet this hostility got rather out of hand at Notting Hill. Several reporters were told angrily to 'clear off', and a photographer working for a West London local weekly says that a policeman threatened to smash his camera. Mervyn Jones, who was reporting for *Tribune*, was arrested and charged with obstruction. He tells me that he received no warning; that his press card was ignored; and that when he tried, in the Black Maria going to the police station, to explain that he was a journalist, the only reply he got was: 'Shut up or you'll get your head cracked open.' Though the police officers later maintained that they didn't know he was a pressman, they admitted in court having confiscated his notebook and started to read it. One constable explained that he didn't read much – 'I couldn't understand it'. I am glad to hear that the National Union of Journalists briefed a barrister for Jones and that the magistrate dismissed the case.

* * *

A friend who has just returned from Eire tells me how astonished he was to find how little the country has changed since 'British occupation' came to an end. The pillar-boxes, still bearing royal insignia, have simply been painted over with green paint. The army wears uniforms exactly like those of British Tommies in the 1914 war. Other relics of British 19th-century civilisation remain. The 'cat', for example, is still administered for certain crimes of violence. Corporal punishment is so common, and so severe, in schools that a School Children's Protection Association has had to be formed. It has found little support among Eire politicians who are terrified of criticising, even by implication, the Church, which runs most of the schools. An exception is Sheehy Skeffington, who has raised the matter three times in the Senate, without success. The last time, hoping to shame his fellow-senators into taking action, he narrowed the issue to a motion condemning corporal punishment for girls. He quoted some shocking cases, including one in which a 13-year-old girl, caught cheating at sums, was put across a desk by a male teacher and given six strokes of the cane – in front of a mixed class. But most of the senators simply refused to attend the debate, and the motion was lost by three votes to eight. Among the worst offenders in the matter of corporal punishment, I understand, are the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of Mercy.

* * *

I was shocked to read of the death of Stephen Bone. He was only 53. Stephen was the extremely tall, spare son of very short parents, a Mendelian peculiarity he loved to go into. He was, above all, an inquiring restless man who strode talking up and down any room, endlessly, as if it were a stretch of Scottish moorland or Finnish plain and he was looking for a place to throw down a haversack and pitch a tent for the night. Stephen was a man of strong liberal principles, and many a refugee painter in the Munich period has reason to be grateful to him for his patient and always practical help. 'He was one of those talkers,' V. S. Pritchett, a close personal friend over many years, remarked to me, 'who are full of knowledge. To have his affection was to have access to an encyclopædia.' Pritchett, who saw him in hospital, tells me that though he was dreadfully ill it was he who did the talking. Pritchett adds that 'Stephen was, by native taste, a northerner, with strong feelings for Scandinavia, Finland and the Scottish Islands. This love of place was brought out in his painting. Without being a topographical painter, he had a natural descriptive gift. He liked to record as well as describe. He painted a large number of canvases and perhaps he consumed landscape with too great a facility. As time went by, although a tolerant spectator of contemporary movements in painting, he felt less and less in sympathy with them; but when he became the art critic of the *Manchester Guardian* and talked on art on the radio, one recognised the generosity and good sense of the craftsman. I cannot believe that I shall not be speculating again on whether Stephen has a beard now, or side-whiskers, or a moustache or has gone back to the shaven chin, and that I shall hear no more his excited, faintly Scottish voice'.

* * *

Attentive readers of this column may remember a few years ago my reporting that an old chipped Sicilian drug jar which I bought in Florence had suddenly started to 'bleed'. It was not only that red patches had appeared on its smooth yellow surface, patterned with a design of masks and musical instruments, but that a viscous red liquid was running down the sides of the vase and even dripping from the top of it on to the shelf below. This was reported at the time in the *Daily Herald*, which published a photograph. A chemist who wrote asking for samples of the 'blood' reported that 'they seemed to be paint', and that he could find no explanation of their presence in a 17th-century jar. I refer to this now because the phenomenon has again occurred in a quite spectacular way. On a humid day recently the 'blood' once again began to drip down from the bulging part of the vase; it had much of the consistency of treacle. I am completely mystified about this, just as, I suppose, countless priests have been mystified by the liquefication of the blood of St. Januarius.

CRITIC

Heil, Macgadarene!

'Everyone will do as they are told by Mr Harold Macmillan, which is a very good thing because Mr Macmillan knows best, and he will not stand for any rot.'—Randolph Churchill.

I grant there is nothing astonishing
In an illiterate sentence;
Even the Baptist, admonishing
(If it isn't too late for repentance)
Might conceivably spurn the embargo
On the street-urchin's argot,
Using a crude, metaphorical hammer
Irregardless of grammar –
After all, he was no more a dandy
Than Randy.

Not cheapness, or even a howler
Will stir indignation
Best left to disciples of Fowler;
But the stark, Gadarene implication
In phrases grammatic'ly pukkha
Would still be a claim that the nation
Is a corporate sukkha –
And suckers are damned as moronic
(Well . . . at least . . . when the twerps are Teutonic.)

Randy – remember, when littler,
What Daddy said about Hitler?
All Fuehrers are wiser than Nestor –
Their business is KNOWING WHAT'S BEST or
At least (as you say) they will not
'Stand any rot'.
But people who tamely
Trot after them – namely
The Fritzes and Hermanns
(Those credulous Germans)
Had habits of mind which were rather
Deplored by your father.

I'm serious, Randy, not skittish:
But . . . *what of the British?*

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Lady Lewisham flew to Nice yesterday for a week in the sun . . . and apologised profusely for travelling by a French airline.

'I really feel one should patronise the English lines,' she said. 'But what could I do? This flight arrives at Nice at *such* a convenient time.'

Under her arm as she boarded the plane was a volume containing the collected works of Byron.

'I thought it would be better to read an English poet on the journey,' she said.—*Daily Mail*. (Constantine Gallop.)

There was a time when I wouldn't miss the News for anything, but nowadays a more apt name would be Foreign Affairs, for that is all it consists of. Why can't we have the political and foreign discussions as a separate item and a news programme with a newsreel of the interesting details and happenings of the day in Britain?—Letter in *TV Times*. (G. Johnson.)

It is morally incumbent on every person in this nation who holds the concepts of Christianity nearest to his heart to show charity, kindness and understanding to these fellow human beings who try so hard to emulate the white man and his ways.—Letter in *Edinburgh Evening News*. (Mary M. Simpson.)

Lady Docker, a glass of vermouth in her hand, said at her Mayfair flat:

'It's time the Foreign Office intervened. I know Mr Selwyn Lloyd has a lot on his hands—China and all that.

'But that doesn't mean an individual can be treated in this way.'—*Daily Herald*. (P. W. B. Holmes.)

Riot

In the ferocious behaviour of the Notting Hill toughs the lawyer can see at once all the classic elements of a 'riot', punishable, in the case of each offender, with imprisonment for a Common Law misdemeanour for any period up to the term of the offender's natural life. The offence was given its final definition by the judges in the case of *Field v. Receiver of Metropolitan Police* (1907). Their lordships saw five essential elements in a riot: the presence of at least three people, a common purpose, the execution or inception of the common purpose, an intention to help one another against anyone opposing them, and enough violence to alarm 'at least one person of reasonable firmness and courage'.

So far the authorities have thought it sufficient to indict most of the rioters for the (notionally) lesser offence of 'making an affray'—again a Common Law misdemeanour with no specified limit as to length of prison sentence or amount of fine, but one less troublesome to prove, since it is merely a fight in a public place 'in such a manner as to cause terror'. Still, the choice could be important for the Notting Hill victims of window smashing and other damage. If your house or its contents are damaged in a riot, the local police authority—in this case Scotland Yard—is required by the Riot (Damage) Act of 1886 to make good the damage. As the police authority is closely watched by the ratepayers it does not rush to discharge this obligation. You may have to sue it. If none of the offenders has actually been convicted of riot, you may have difficulty.

On 13 November 1945 there was a football match at Stamford Bridge between Chelsea and the Moscow Dynamos. Thousands of people, shut out before the game began, swarmed into the front gardens of houses near the ground, commandeering ladders to climb on to the roofs of garages, breaking fences, gates, gutters, drainpipes, chimney stacks, roofs, and glass. A gardener was roughly handled when he tried to recover his master's ladder, and several women were maltreated at the gates of their homes. The owners of the houses claimed the cost of making good the damage from the Receiver of the Metropolitan Police. He rejected their claim on the grounds that the football crowd stampede did not come within the words of the Riot (Damage) Act about damage by 'persons riotously and tumultuously assembled together'. They brought an action against the Metropolitan Police in the High Court on 20 January 1949. Mr Justice Pritchard held that all the five elements of a riot were present; and so the property owners got their money. 'The court does not attach any blame to the police,' said the judge, 'or to those responsible for the organisation of the football match. The action is not one which depends for its success on any question of blame.'

Failure, perhaps, rather than blame. The Act is a means of compensating riot victims at the expense of the police—which at least is better than leaving compensation to the spasmodic generosity of Notting Hill neighbours, black and white, or to warm-hearted whip-rounds among the sociology students at LSE. It is a relic of the time when every Hundred had to make good the depredations of all the thieves it could not catch (and when, accordingly, many a victim of larceny or malicious damage actually helped the offender to get away).

I have a letter from a man living in Glasgow who says that when the Rangers are playing some hated rival the adjacent streets are never safe for ordinary citizens, and that this inane antagonism, though its peaks of frenzy occur on Saturdays, supplies the fuel for numberless gang fights during the week. This man, whose only interest in League football is a fervent though prudently secret detestation of it and all its acolytes, is afraid to go home in the evening because his inoffensive suburban road is one of the thugs' battlefields.

The point of the comparison—its relevance to the so-called 'racial riots' at Notting Hill and elsewhere—is that League football is probably as pernicious as race antagonism in its visible consequences among the urban lout population. 'Love, friendship, respect,' said Chekhov, 'do not unite people as much as a common hatred for something.' When a mob of corner-boys starts throwing bricks at the windows of someone eligible for hate, you can only guess which came first, the brick-throwing or the hatred: either may spark off the other and they are mutually sustaining, because the baboon-fringe has no need to know what cause it is supposed to be furthering. There has always been such a fringe ready to 'take it out of some bastard', and wildly susceptible to any rabble-rousing slogan. Such mobs have been the tools of propaganda since the crucifixion, used with cynicism or fanaticism by men like Lord George Gordon, Wilkes, Hitler, and our own dotty little Fascist colony, and available for strong-arm publicity work against Catholics, Jews, the City, Partick Thistle, West Indians, and Flat Earthers.

'Please keep away from Notting Hill,' we are officially urged. 'Stay indoors. Don't hamper the police.' Most of us need no such injunction, and yet by the Common Law of England everyone is bound to aid in the suppression of a riot, while there rests upon the local justices, by virtue of the Riot Act, 1714, an absolute duty to hurry at once to the scene of the disturbance and read aloud the proclamation which the Act prescribes. No one seems to remember any recent occasion when this has been done, and it is interesting to imagine its impact upon the 'nigger-hunters' if they could be prevailed upon to stop scuffling, stabbing, and yelling while it was read:

> Our Sovereign Lady the Queen chargeth and commandeth all persons being assembled immediately to disperse themselves, and peaceably to depart to their habitations or their lawful business, upon the pains contained in the Act made in the first year of King George for preventing tumultuous and riotous assemblies. God Save the Queen.

But no one need hear it. Once it has been read, however inaudibly or quakingly, any 12 or more people who go on rioting for another hour are automatically guilty of felony and liable to life imprisonment. At one time it acquired an undue importance from the belief that once it was read, policemen, soldiers and others who might have to use violence came for the first time under the protection of an indemnifying clause in the same Act. The Common Law had, however, given a right of dispersion long before 1714, and it can be used, violently if need be, before any proclamation has been read and within the hour.

The contrary belief was so strong in 1780 that the participators in the Gordon riots were allowed to burn and loot in London for three whole days, because no magistrate could be found to 'read the Riot Act'. Neither police nor soldiers dared to fire upon the mob until the magic little incantation had been done. Probably they still remembered that in 1736 Captain Porteous, captain of the Edinburgh City Guard, had given the order to fire on a mob at the execution of a smuggler. Six people were killed, and for this Captain Porteous was condemned to death. When he was later reprieved the mob took him from his cell and hanged him by torchlight in the Grassmarket.

The newspaper reporting of the recent riots has vividly shown the baneful influence of banner headlines as an abuse of semi-literacy. Quiet, dead-pan, 'dull' reports would have greatly minimised the whole thing. For an illustration of this, consider the case of the rock-and-roll disturbances in the cinemas last year, for which the Teddy boys were conveniently blamed. The *Rock Around the Clock* film had been shown in over 400 cinemas without the slightest trouble, before a little gang of toughs began dancing in the aisles, got more excited than usual, and acted out their atavistic spasm by breaking up the furniture. They hit the headlines. At once the heavy newspapers, like all the others, published solemn letters about a new social evil (rock-and-roll) and, intentionally or otherwise, most of them had an anti-Negro flavour because rock-and-roll was taken to have come direct from Harlem and New Orleans. Seldom has so much nonsense forced its way into respectable prominence.

It will never be enough, however, to hate and punish the toughs.

> The differences between the nations and races of mankind are required to preserve the conditions under which higher development is possible. . . . Other nations of different habits are not enemies: they are godsends. Men require of their neighbours something sufficiently akin to be understood, something sufficiently different to provoke attention, and something great enough to command admiration. We must not expect, however, all the virtues. We should even be satisfied if there is something odd enough to be interesting.

This noble injunction comes from Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World*. The louts of Notting Hill make it more difficult of acceptance; but it cannot be shrugged off as a counsel of perfection—what confronts us is essentially a [illegible] of education, and we are bound to press on with it.

C. H. Rolph

You and your Hovis

IF YOU LIKE to eat well, the bread you prefer is probably Hovis, because you have discovered it has far more flavour and goodness than ordinary brown. But why has it?

TALE OF THREE It is really a matter of the flour, for flours differ considerably in their ingredients, and the quantities of them. There are virtually just three ingredients that can be juggled with—the three parts in the grain of wheat, from which flour is made.

WHAT'S IN A GRAIN One part is the bran (or outer husk) which may or may not suit you, the second is the starchy body of the grain (the kernel), and number three is the tiny wheatgerm, the heart of the grain, which is full of goodness out of all proportion to its size.

From those ingredients, how are the recipes for different flours made up?

BREAD SECRETS To produce white loaves, all the starchy kernel is included, but none of the doubtful bran and none of the good wheatgerm. There are various recipes for brown bread flours, but usually only a part of the wheatgerm is used, and some of the bran, while wholemeal bread is made from the whole wheat grain, just as it is.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER When it comes to Hovis, the recipe shows one vital difference. Eight times *more* of the good wheatgerm—the heart of the wheat—goes into Hovis. But the bran is discarded and goes to feed animals, so that you get all the body of the grain (the kernel) plus eight times more of the wheatgerm.
It is the extra wheatgerm that gives you the extra flavour and goodness in your Hovis. So now you know . . .

DON'T JUST SAY 'BROWN'—SAY

Hovis
THAT'S BETTER!

One Way to Paradise

As the *Alberto Dodero*, a graceful 10,000-ton Argentine passenger liner, moved slowly into the tidal lock of the port of Amsterdam, a shooting brake of the Dutch police parked on the sea wall and three policemen stepped out. It was early evening one day last month, and hundreds of passengers were strolling the decks having a last glimpse of Holland before setting sail for Rio.

Then the fighting started. The policemen were trying to drag a man out of the shooting brake, and he was fighting back desperately, kicking and shouting. Within a few seconds hundreds of passengers were looking over the rails at the strange scene below where—with nobody else present—the three policemen were dragging their prisoner towards the ship. A ladder had been lowered and a few sailors were waiting on the ship for the man to be brought up. A nurse appeared with a hypodermic and when the man was overpowered on the lower deck, she administered a dose of some drug which sent him to sleep almost immediately. The policemen then returned to their car and proceeded to drag out a second, a third and a fourth struggling prisoner. Their shouts were unintelligible but for the words 'Brazil, no! Hungria, si!'

The four men were Hungarian refugees who fled from Budapest during the short-lived Nagy regime. Three of them are married and have their families still in Hungary. All are skilled mechanics. Together with about 2,000 of their compatriots they chose to go to Brazil after leaving Hungary. It must be remembered that when the 23 October revolt got under way, and in the following days, thousands of refugees made their way to Austria and Yugoslavia and a number of countries declared their willingness to take in an unspecified number of these refugees. One of the first to make such a declaration was Brazil.

Eighteen months ago the four Hungarians and their compatriots arrived in Rio de Janeiro in the midst of an orgy of publicity and official welcomes. They were treated to the whole range of public festivities for a few days and then they were led in triumph to their first temporary place of residence—enticingly named the 'Island of Flowers'. This turned out to be a sort of preliminary screening centre—a tropical version of Ellis Island—where the Communist-shy Brazilian authorities hoped to tell the sheep from the goats before letting the lot loose in the country.

Whether their screening process was successful is not known; but, after three months of enforced residence in the Island of Flowers, the refugees were told that the government had assigned to them specific places of residence throughout the country—all these places on the frontier areas and far from the large urban centres. The Hungarians protested against this arbitrary measure and declared their intention of remaining together. If the government didn't want them to live in the large towns, then they were prepared to form their own colony in the jungle, but they insisted on their right to remain together at least during the first years in their adopted land.

The authorities refused and the refugees—after some ugly incidents spiced with frequent police beatings—were forcefully dispersed throughout the country.

Life since then—for most refugees—has been little short of hell in paradise. They had originally escaped from Hungary in the hope of finding jobs abroad which would enable them at least to maintain their former standard of living and—in the case of those who left relatives behind—to be able to save enough money to pay their way out of Hungary within a reasonable time. None of these hopes has been even partly fulfilled. There was no social security system which affected them in any practical way; no possibility of saving, as their wages were appallingly low at an average of US $30 per month for skilled workers; virtually no trade unionism.

Housing conditions were incredibly inadequate. Only a stone's throw from some of the most breath-taking examples of contemporary luxury architecture, many Hungarians had to find quarters in the notorious *favelas*, a sort of city of cave-dwellers perched on the hills which overlook Rio. Those lucky enough to work their way back into cities and find—between them—enough to pay the rent of one apartment, often had to sleep ten and 14 to one room. If to this are added the facts that they did not speak the language, had no guidance or help of any practical kind, were suspected by the government of being undercover Communist agents and by the Communists of being traitors and cowards, it is not difficult to imagine why many of these men decided to return to Europe, some to France or Germany, others even to Hungary.

However, Brazil is a long way away and none had even the slightest hope of saving the £80 necessary to pay a third-class single ticket to the nearest European port. Hence the only way out was to try to stowaway. The favourite boats were those belonging to the Argentine line FANU, which usually leave Rio at dawn for Amsterdam and Hamburg and are not too careful about how many tourists roll in at the last minute. This method of escape became almost standardised and the *Alberto Dodero* alone has had five groups of stowaways in the last year. In all previous cases, the refugees have managed to get landed and stay landed, although no one knows what happened to them afterwards. In this last case however, neither the German nor the Dutch authorities allowed them to land or to contact the Hungarian *charge d'affaires*. The Dutch went as far as to tell them that they might not even telephone their consul because legally they were not in Holland.

Now the four refugees have little to look forward to. They probably never dreamed that their search for a better life outside Hungary would end in this nightmare. In Rio they have been returned to the Brazilian authorities and their fate now is anybody's guess. The mere fact that they wanted to return to Hungary will brand them as Communists—which they certainly are not. Brazil is a land of opportunity and the Brazilian nation is free and democratic. Yet, lack of organisation for handling political refugees, perhaps mingled with an overdose of anti-Communism, have caused the sequence of errors and misjudgments which has resulted in the series of escapes back to Europe.

CLAUDIO VELIZ

Coffin Without a Grave

WOMEN older than age, blacked with crape and stiff jackets, sat mourning behind the Archimandrite. Their thin legs dangled from the pews like liquorice. Ox-eyed girls lifted their children to kiss the remote, Byzantine face of God, while a mutter of candle-buying, crooning to hush a milky wail, shop talk, crinkly boys playing tag up the aisle, buzzed and sank beneath *Kyrie Eleison, Kyrie Eleison*. Yet more women crowded into the right-hand pews until they far out-numbered their menfolk, who stood on the left, blue-shaven, devout, brilliantined. No one held a prayer book, nor sang. The choir did it all, hurling antiphony to and fro. Their chant was full of vigour, like a sea shanty. Hidden by icons, the green satin cope genuflected a moment, vanished on God's errand.

'I will train for the church,' Aristides confided, 'because that is the best way of fighting for liberation.' Aristides sold wax tapers on Sunday and washed pans in Soho during the week. He had one beautiful eye, deep as a reservoir; trachoma had bleared the other. 'Do you know what "ethnarch" means?' he demanded, not waiting for an answer. 'It means ruler of the people. When the murderers go away, Makarios will rule.' A loudspeaker cried the gospel to late-comers pushing through the doorway. 'Greek Cypriots love religion,' said Aristides pointedly. About 50,000 of them live in London, too many for three Greek Orthodox churches. Wealthy importers of dried fruit, and shipping brokers, attend prayer at the cathedral in Bayswater.

'Mainland Greeks go there too, you understand,' remarked someone important from the Cypriot Brotherhood. He was a lawyer, with a discreet, grey smile. 'All of us, remember, are Greek. Lord Salisbury deluded the British public into thinking that we might choose to join the Commonwealth.' He laid both palms together, precisely, then jerked them apart. 'We shall unite with our motherland, whose government will invest in our mines. The British have always crushed any development.'

In front of the church, watched by two apathetic policemen, urchins were hawking Eoka tracts, Greek mystery magazines, and *Vima*, the Communist Party paper. A sullen wind blew through Camden Town, guttering candles by the door. Incense breathed like a nun over the hungry onion smell of pancakes guarded by a rolling, bull-chest bruiser from Limassol. His rival trundled a pram through the church gate, laden with something under a tea-towel. Laconically, they agreed on a price. Sixpence each—a bargain for *kupes* bulging with fried meat. Political debates tailed off, as everyone began chewing.

His sharp shoulder goring the fence, Mr Kondemenos took a big bite. 'Try one of mine,' he urged, 'before they come out. Prayers are good for trade'—his affability shone with gold teeth, glittered on the points of his scissor shoes. 'I arrive last week from Larnaca. I am expert commercial traveller, but my complexion is too dark. I am expert ticket puncher but British Railways do not like my face.' He flicked through a sheaf of grubby documents. 'Here, read them: diploma of Shakespeare Institute. Will it pay for my hotel?' Again the golden molars flash. 'No; so I cook *bourrekas*.' Delectable syrup ran down the enamel washbowl he displayed them in. Mr Kondemenos fished out a fly—'not much flies here, I'm glad'—and consulted his watch. 'Very late today; we have a special service.' In white uniform, hair drawn tight behind their demure Grecian profiles, a procession of girls bore a wreath into the church. Scrawled epitaphs lay on the laurel. Catching sight of them, the bruiser seemed to crumple, like a burst bag. 'His father got killed', explained Mr Kondemenos, shrugging. Someone else thought it was his mother. The rival pancake vendor began cursing, his great comical moustache muffling the gabble of anguish.

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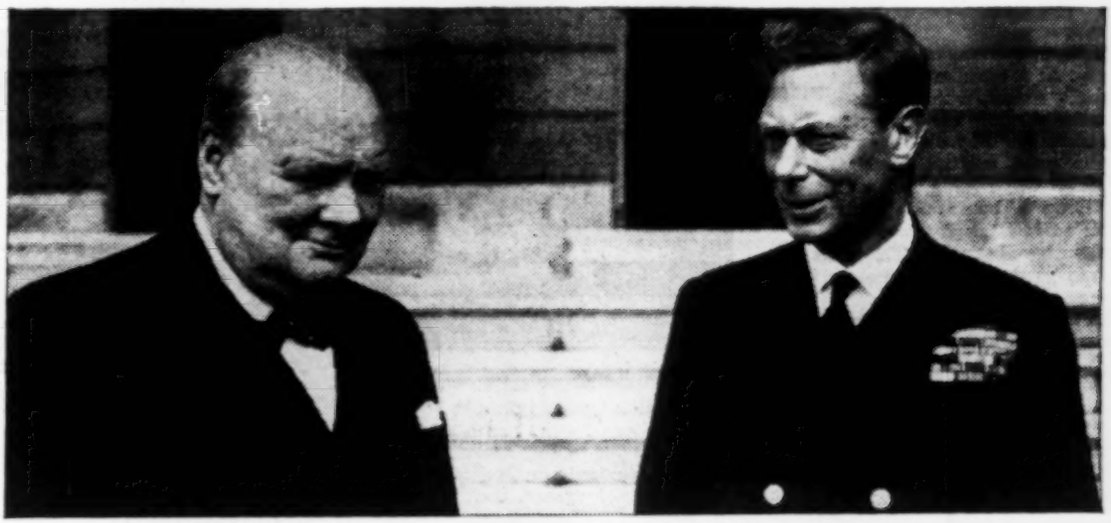

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The Daily Telegraph

As the wreath was laid on a coffin by the altar, women drew down their black veils. Some gazed without expression on their yellow marble faces. 'No one is in the coffin,' whispered Olympia; 'no church is large enough for all the coffins.' A grave, opalescent widow of 20, she machined pyjama hems until night, earning her sisters' dowry. They worked in Woolworth's. Olympia had eyelashes like wet seaweed; maybe she would marry again. 'I am praying for my husband.' Was he in Eoka? 'Every Greek is in Eoka', replied Olympia serenely. Up to the pulpit strode an orator, an exile. Every time he denounced the British government for abetting the Turks, a rage of clapping seized the congregation. Archimandrite Elpidios clapped, his beard askew, pointing to heaven, while neophytes in angel-blue hopped up and down behind the icons. Without notes or pause, the exile thundered for an hour.

'Rhetoric, after all, is a Greek invention', said the lawyer proudly. At a mention of Lyssi, the men shouted *'Eskos, Eskos'*, with infinite contempt 'It means, for shame!' the lawyer murmured almost to himself: 'Why did they put an ambush during the truce, tell me, why?' Outside, Mr Kondemenos was arguing with a Communist waiter. 'Drop a bomb on Transport House,' the waiter advised happily, 'and no one would mind: Labour have betrayed us.' A policeman walked into the yard. Talk filtered away to nothing, hands hung mid-sentence.

'A car, sir, that's causing an obstruction,' the policeman stammered with politeness; 'Could the owner move it?' Hexameters of condemnation came heaving from the loudspeaker, and the toughs of Camden Town blared past on their motor-bikes, yowling. That Sunday, on the island, Eoka called off the truce.

GERDA L. COHEN

Which side is your bread buttered?

PEOPLE who know which side their bread is buttered are alert and worldly-wise, the wide boys, the go-getters. Presumably we are to picture the others, the dreamy visionaries, gazing bemusedly at the two halves of a sandwich, wondering which side faces which.

But the important thing to note is that we don't for a moment picture the dreamers with no bread at all. Bread is an item of the most saintly and ascetic diet, when its only table companion may be water. Hermits insisted on it, even if stale.

A minimum of worldly wisdom dictates bread. And those latter day anchorites, the scientists, tell us why. Bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more iron and more of the two important vitamins B_1 and nicotinic acid, than any other single food*. So although bread is the cheapest basic food you can get, it is also the best, in terms of food value per penny. See your family gets plenty—good and *fresh*.

* *National Food Survey Committee Report, 1956 (page 133) published by H.M.S.O. In 1956, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 24·7% of the energy; 26·3% of the protein; 26·9% of the Vitamin B_1; 24·2% of the nicotinic acid; 23% of the iron.*

Note:—*All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour:* Vitamin B_1—*not less than 0·24 milligrams.* Nicotinic Acid—*not less than 1·60 milligrams.* Iron—*not less than 1·65 milligrams.*

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The Arts and Entertainment

The Unknown Classical Painter

FRISO TEN HOLT (some paintings at the Arts Council) is about 38. He has been a painter all his life. He is also an etcher and engraver. His prints are recognised in Holland as being imaginatively better worked than those of any other Dutch artist. Further, he has designed and made some large stained-glass windows. I believe that these windows are more successfully modern than any others I have seen. 'Modern'? The greatness of Ten Holt as an artist could be said to lie in the fact that by considering his work one arrives at an answer to the question, at a valid definition of the word 'modern'.

Eight years ago his work was very highly formalised so that some of it appeared even abstract, mainly influenced by late Cubist Braques and Picassos. He had previously been taught to draw from childhood onwards by his painter father. His drawing masters then were Rembrandt for landscapes and Cézanne for figures. In his highly formalised works of eight years ago Ten Holt was learning to organise and build across the surface of a large canvas. It was like the apprenticeship of a fitter. His eye was already trained, but he had to learn how to put a vehicle together so that it could go as fast as the Cubists and Mondrian had made possible.

His next step was to paint a canvas (approximately 16ft × 10ft) of Jacob wrestling with the Angel. In this all the previous 'structural' lessons he had learnt were used, in relation to a subject that was, as it were, already travelling in its own right because of its own emotional power. (In the same way Picasso was able to use Cubism when he came to paint Guernica.) Ten Holt, however, was not yet capable of being original, and for his vocabulary of forms he went to that great sculptor, so little seen in England, Lipchitz. When I hear people talk about there being no epic art today and no artists who can interpret great themes, I think of this large canvas. It is an epic picture, in the tradition of Delacroix's *Liberty Leading the People* – though the museums would never see the connection because they are obsessed with stylistic cataloguing. And it is successful. Jacob wrestles with the Angel like Don Quixote with the sails of the windmill; yet at the same time it looks as still and calm as a catherine-wheel when it is revolving. One would think it the work of an older man: it suggests the austerity of a mature artist who will not step outside his art; he will affect you if he can by his performance. But he will not smile at you or insinuate round the edges of that performance. As I have said, however, it is not yet an original work. But from its foreshortened flying angel, originality came. (Originality! It is claimed so often, and is so rare, that the very word has become wry.) From the angel in the air flying towards the ground came the idea of a figure entering one element and leaving another. And from that came a series of paintings on the theme of swimmers.

The latest one of these is reproduced here. Not for the sake of proving any of its qualities, for in Ten Holt's work these depend so much on colour and accurate tonality; but simply to give readers an idea of the face of these pictures and to emphasise how unstartling originality can appear. For certainly these swimmers are original. I know of no sensible references to apply to them. In spirit – something of Veronese. In colour – certain Van Goghs. In touch – something of Cézanne. Yet they could not have been painted before the Fifties. An impossible sounding pedigree! Bastards. Originals.

I have given this compressed history of Ten Holt's development in order to show the nature of his apprenticeship. This apprenticeship has only just ended and he is nearly forty. It takes a long time to become a painter such as he has become. Naturally he has painted many pictures which I haven't mentioned. But he works slowly and his output is small, because the path he has chosen is one of the most difficult an artist can choose today. (De Staël chose a similar path, but got less far along it.) It is the path which leads from a complete understanding of the laboratory experiments of twentieth-century art forwards towards their application to life. It avoids ro-

manticism. Its aim is objectivity but not naturalism. Its spirit is rational. Its faith is in art itself and yet it is entirely opposed to art for art's sake. There is another kind of artist whose genius is a by-product of his passion. In our time Guttuso is such an artist. But for Ten Holt everything must be produced with direct intention.

His attitude is in fact admirably demonstrated by this very painting of *The Swimmers*. It represents two nude figures, a man and a woman, in the sea. Like all images that are the result of profound searching, it has many meanings. (The great illusion of current non-art lies in the belief that numerous meanings can be expressed without searching.) They swim in the sea. They turn in their dreams. They twist in sex, all lights and weights, the embodiment of caresses and invisible responses. (George Barker: 'O whirlwinds catching up the sea And folding islands in its shawls Give him to me, give him to me, And I will wrap him in my shallows.') They fly like Icarus. They play like children – their speed their *joie de vivre*.

But the painting as a whole also has another significance. The water, the air and the figures are indivisible. It is impossible to define either the form of the limbs or the colour of the water or the strength of the light *separately*. Without figures in it, this sea would be another ocean. Without water to bear them, these lovers would be a different pair. Flesh, water, air, each element possesses the other, because all are subordinate to the element of painting.

When I said that the idea behind the series of pictures was that of a figure leaving one element and entering another, I did not only mean it literally in relation to two swimmers entering the sea; these pictures also demonstrate how two figures enter the element of painting itself. Ten Holt believes that painting is an independent element with its own laws and demands. If an image enters this element and does not satisfy its demands he believes that it will have neither the necessary power nor conviction with which to comment on the different demands which life makes. Art, in other words, is neither a replica nor an extension of life. It is independent. But it is independent only because it is a parallel phenomenon, just as water is a parallel element to air.

One could sum all this up – but without the foregoing explanations it wouldn't mean much – by saying that Ten Holt is a classical artist. (The Romantic believes that the connection between art and life is not the result of their parallel laws, but of his own personality free to inhabit both worlds as it chooses.) It has been easy to be a classical artist. Today it is immensely difficult. And immensely necessary. Personalities are destroying art. The great modern discoveries lie unused. The responsibilities of the day pull one way; cowardice and manias pull the other way. Incommunicability is thought to be the theme of our time. How difficult to remain confident and dutiful as it becomes an artist to be dutiful, in the midst of such a din! And how difficult to accept being abused as old-fashioned and academic! Yet this is the fate of the original artist today. The function of the original artist is to renew the tradition to which he belongs. In the nineteenth century most people had a nostalgic view of their tradition and so considered originality outrageous. Today our cultured have gone beyond nostalgia; in their despair they hate all but the violently primitive, and so originality becomes an act of faith which offends them because it questions their illusion of freedom from all traditions.

One day, with the advent of new visual media and a society not based on alienation, the modern tradition will be continued. Then artists like Ten Holt (perhaps there are half a dozen in Europe) will be seen to have been heroes. Not because they were politically conscious heralds of that new society – that is another way of living; but because they obstinately believed in *the continuity of art* at a time when most, doubting the continuity of their own way of life, wanted to destroy all continuity. And to believe in continuity is to be modern, is to be – for us who can respect nothing else – revolutionary.

JOHN BERGER

The Oratorio World

'WHY did you sell your organ?' inquired a white-haired, rosy-cheeked old gentleman in a Hereford restaurant of his neighbour, a somewhat older clergyman. The surprising question brought home to me that, after a long interval, I was back in the oratorio world, the world of the Three Choirs. This is the oldest music festival in the world, and looks it. Nowhere else will you see quite such an audience: it is like turning over the pages of a pre-1914 volume of *Punch*.

For decades the Three Choirs lived on a standard diet of *Elijah*, *Messiah* and Elgar, with one or two 'expressly composed' academic cantatas by way of novelty. Three years ago, however, Mr Meredith Davies selected for Hereford an original programme which caused much shaking of venerable heads in the Close. Since then – I do not imply cause and effect – Mr Davies has departed; but his successor, Dr Melville

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Cook, has made a valiant attempt to continue the necessary work of revitalisation. His scheme, though uncomfortably congested, was certainly enlightened. Besides *Gerontius* and *The Kingdom*, *Messiah* and the Verdi Requiem, there have been two absolute novelties as well as newish works by Fricker, Poulenc and Hindemith; a Requiem by the seventeenth-century Frenchman Jean Gilles, not to be found in *Grove*; Haydn's St Cecilia Mass and Monteverdi's Vespers, moreover, Benjamin Britten has been invited to take part (strange as it may seem, for the first time in the history of the Three Choirs), and has brought with him his *St Nicolas* and *Sinfonia da Requiem*, besides accompanying a Shirehall afternoon concert given by Norma Procter and Peter Pears.

From this five-day barrage of music I was obliged to select two days only (Tuesday and Wednesday); and, with a single exception, the results were less exhilarating than I had hoped. The choir did pretty well in the Verdi Requiem, making for instance a beautifully clear thing out of the Sanctus which is usually rushed to death; but the soloists, except for Owen Brannigan, were unequal to their task, and the soprano gradually pulled down the pitch of the unaccompanied passage in the final movement until it was nearly a whole tone flat. The Monteverdi Vespers, in Walter Goehr's edition, had been carefully prepared and the *a cappella* sections went well; but the difficult problems of balance were not always solved, and the work did not make the startling and majestic impression it evidently made on all who heard it at York last year under the direction of Mr Goehr himself.

As for the two novelties, by Kenneth Leighton and Franz Reizenstein, though very different in value, they combine to suggest that oratorio and cantata are now dead forms. Leighton's *The Light Invisible* (ominous title) is, for all the superficial modernity of its idiom, an *echt*-Novello cantata: fluent, full of the proper imitations and interweavings of solo and chorus, prodigal of notes, barren of ideas. Both Leighton and Reizenstein have adopted for their texts a mixture of Old Testament and secular English poetry. Reizenstein has boldly tackled no less a subject than *Genesis*; but I cannot find it in my heart, much as I admire his talent in other manifestations, to wish, like Stephen Leacock's imaginary reviewer of the works of Moses, that he will 'go on to give us an *Exodus*, and perhaps, some day, a *Leviticus* and a *Numbers*'. The orchestral introduction to *Genesis* aroused high hopes that were to flicker now and again during the later sections; but there is little real originality in the material, and the Hindemithian style seems altogether too complex and intellectual for the grand, elemental simplicity of the subject. It is fatally easy for composers who employ a very elaborate and contrapuntal manner to deceive themselves into thinking that they have done something wonderful when they have merely buzzed learnedly in a vacuum. This point was brought sharply home to us by the overwhelming experience of hearing Britten's *Abraham and Isaac* in the course of the Shirehall concert: so few notes, such simplicity and vision, such a depth of emotion achieved by the barest and purest of means.

I might have spared myself a return journey to Edinburgh to hear the promising Spanish opera-ballet programme which consisted of Falla's *La Vida Breve* and *Tricorne*: the first with Victoria de los Angeles, and both with Antonio and his troupe. The early opera is not a watertight stage-piece, and its plot is no more than a hard luck story, but it has a certain atmosphere and charm, which were effectively dissipated by hideous costumes and the remorseless incursions of heel-tapping, castanet-clicking dancers: 'whenever de los Angeles opened her mouth,' said an Edinburgh wit, 'Antonio promptly put his foot in it'. In the later ballet he made a captivating Miller; but the evening was by then artistically ruined. The final week was mainly notable for concerts by the Chigi Quintet and the Solisti di Zagreb, and a recital by a statuesque young Canadian named Maureen Forrester with a potentially magnificent contralto not quite equalised in the upper register, fine musical taste shown in an admirable choice of programme, and almost no idea of the cardinal importance of words in the art of song. I only hope she was listening to Elisabeth Schumann's recorded broadcast on this subject last Sunday evening.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

There Are Fiends and Fiends

It was with no leaping heart that I turned into the Rialto out of the sunlight to meet *The Fiend Who Walked the West*. Too many fiends are walking the West; they emerge from coffins, implant a vampire's kiss or a surgical knife, spend days in a locked laboratory from which the emergence at breakfast – 'pass the marmalade, please' – brings dubious relief. Cannibals are let loose, one can't crush a beetle for fear it is Uncle Fred. Would this new fiend, after midnight, have to fend off a man come to read the meter – 'Your electricity consumption is unbelievable, let me in!' – or what?

The Fly had just left, and the atmosphere was tense. What was in store? I am fairly inured against these hair-raisings, and things. But the question is this: when they're nasty, as some of these certainly are, how far is the whole horribility a purge, how far a spur? That, I'm afraid, is a very difficult question to answer, because it depends on the individual, and what might enable one individual to go on totting up accounts in a bank with a more serene accuracy might well lead another, less snugly placed, to do things as well as see them. However, of this I am sure, that for the average person what is seen is far more inciting than what is read, and that many of these horror tales would be better read than viewed on a screen. The nuisance now is that the taste and demand for horror exist, and people will look for it, and will find it. One can only hope that a nauseous fashion will be short-lived.

As a matter of fact the Fiend threatened by the title and the phosphorescent advertisements is not here embodied. On the shiny hand-outs at the press show were cowboy hats; and Westerns rarely go beyond a traditional blood-lust, perhaps on account of the horses. At any rate, though the film has a lot of tough characters, including a 'sadistic moron', it doesn't too much catch on to the prevailing fashion. In deep-shadowed black and white a bank is robbed, a man locked in a strong-room; thereafter prison cells, stone breaking, sheriffs, stage-coaches, lonely homesteads, the ambush at the jagged defile keep us in known territory – though of course that 'sadistic moron' gives it a twist. He puts glass into a fellow prisoner's food; he smiles and wings an arrow into an old woman as they sit chatting; he pumps lead into others, sets fire to buildings, never forgives a slight, spits with his dying breath. In ordinary times – with no horror wave about – we should accept all this as a new edge to an old convention, especially as Robert Evans was brilliant as the slimy one, recalling the per-

formances of Richard Widmark and Dan Duryea in early gangster roles. In fact – damn the menace – this is a fair, hard, unusual Western.

In *God's Little Acre* (London Pavilion – just vacated by vampires) Erskine Caldwell comes back to the screen, tough, melodramatic, capering, with a maniac father and two moron sons digging everywhere for treasure where they should be planting crops. They dig, they roar, they curse, and they pray; there's a girl with tip-tilted bust, and so they fight. All this needs the hand and eye of a Ford, who made something of a masterpiece out of *Tobacco Road*. He took it rumbustious. Anthony Mann tries to be O'Neill-ish, and one feels that he needs Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn, Charles Laughton, and all. However, it's roaring drama.

Far from the din is our one British film, Henry Cornelius's *Next to No Time*, a whimsy whose chief assets are Kenneth More as an inventive engineer, and our admission to the First Class of the *Queen Elizabeth*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Call of the Wild

TELEVISION does not march on at the same relentless pace in every corner of the 'free' world. It is just twelve months since I described here the initiation of a TV service in Cyprus. Last week I found that this service was still in an experimental, indeed embryonic, stage. I saw no TV set in any house, Cypriot or expatriate, that I visited. There are said to be only a hundred or two in the island. This is partly because of the boycott of United Kingdom goods and services, partly because EOKA agents are apt to go round smashing any sets they may find (one activity in which, no doubt, some English anti-TV Luddites would like to emulate them); partly, too, because it is hardly worth buying a set for the few hours of local programmes broadcast each week (though, despite the mountains which flank the central plain, 'freak' reception of pictures from as far away as Italy is said to be fairly common).

Mooted, however, are special programmes for the 35,000 soldiers now in Cyprus – perhaps even talent-spotting amateur programmes in which they themselves could take part. This would be, for once, a valuable use of television as an opiate or escape-hatch: in the sun-baked nightmare of Cyprus today, the troops' lives are dreary and restricted, and boredom leads to the bloody-mindedness which contributes to bloody incidents.

To come home and find the autumn schedules upon us, on both channels, in all their stridency, is rather like going underwater with Hans Haas: there are some beautiful creatures and objects, more that are grotesque or shapeless, and a monotonous flash-past of a myriad tiny fish – like Wilde's average Englishman's face, 'once seen, never remembered'. But the Haas series, *Travellers' Tales*, is now resting. I hope we shall see it again. Some of his shots – an enormous fish face coming reproachfully straight at you, things, waving sinuous arms, which only a specialist could identify as animal or vegetable – really do make you stand still for minutes on end on your way across the room to get a cigarette. His defects are that he sometimes goes on too long about his technique, how difficult it is to focus and so on – which one would realise, anyway – and that, though Viennese, he indulges in Victorian-Teutonic moralising: he actually says things like 'How wonderful, how unbelievable is nature!'.

Similar defects mar (but only slightly) the work of those other admirable wild-lifers, Armand and Michaela Denis, now also rested from British television after a season so successful that they were running simultaneously on both channels. They are obviously such nice people, and so enthusiastic (though just a wee bit *tiring*, as guests or hosts, with their loud, artificial, carefully enunciated English and the Arkful of quarrelsome pets that they love so tenderly?) that one forgives them everything, and the main thing is that they get the most breathtaking pictures of African animals; but I find irritating such gimmicks-for-the-naive as the close shot of them taking pictures from the window of an aircraft (where was the cameraman who took it?), Mrs Denis's fair hair disturbed by what one assumes to be a studio wind-machine.

In their absence, Peter Scott's *Look* is the main supplier of the insatiable demand for 'nature' programmes – the most harmless and, often, the most exciting things on TV. (But I do not like it when they interfere with gastronomy: I shall never be able to eat birds'-nest soup again after seeing the nest scraped off those cave roofs and the feathers and droppings picked out of them by hand.) We shall not see till next year the results of David Attenborough's latest *Zoo Quest*. For some mystical reason ('. . . more suitable . . .') the BBC are reserving for *Mainly for Women* (next Tuesday, 2.45 p.m.) what is said to be a remarkable film of the growth of a bulb; to make it, an ex-Disneyman, John Ott, locked six cameras in position for several months.

An unpretentious children's series, *Come to the Caribbean*, misses chances that Attenborough or the Denises would have taken, describing, but not showing, somersaulting dolphin and porpoise

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FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT

('which tastes like pork'); but has some agreeable interviews with West Indian children and conveys data with which English children can show off to their parents. These nature and travel programmes are a modern equivalent of the leisurely travel-book of the past, and (as the mental regurgitation of the birds' nests shows) not quite so fugitive as is sometimes thought.

TOM DRIBERG

Symphonic Dialectic?

THIS last week the Proms brought us two new—well, comparatively new—British works, one fair, one frightful. Geoffrey Bush's First Symphony was given at Cheltenham four years ago, when it had considerable success, but last Friday's was its first London performance. The composer says the work gave him trouble in the writing, but his melodic invention sounds spontaneous enough; in fact, it would be rather unflattering to suggest that the strong reminiscences of Walton's Symphony in the first movement were anything but spontaneous. This opening allegro is built almost entirely out of a single subject, which at first conceals what seems to be the chief weakness of the whole symphony, namely the difficulty that Bush has in making his themes come to grips with one another. This becomes quite clear in the light-hearted finale, which is in a rather nominal sonata-form. The best movement is the elegiac middle one, inspired by the news of Constant Lambert's death and containing towards the end a quotation from *The Rio Grande*: moving music, and also music that moves. What seems to be wanting in this work is that capacity for musical dialectic which the term 'symphony' must surely imply if it still means anything at all. It will be interesting to see whether it is more in evidence in the Second Symphony which Bush finished last year.

If Bush's symphony was coherent about not very much, Denis ApIvor's Piano Concerto (written 1948, revised 1954) was incoherent about nothing whatsoever. No one could claim that the orchestral effects in which the work abounds were simply sewn on like spangles, for the simple reason that there was no fabric underneath them. The whole piece had a kind of nightmare quality: transitional passages leading into transitional passages in endless vista, with occasionally the ghost of an idea looming up at one out of the surrounding darkness and then disappearing as inexplicably as it had come. Patrick Piggott appeared to be playing the solo part quite well, when the Albert Hall's acoustics and ApIvor's scoring allowed one to hear him at all. But what a work to make one's Prom début in!

JEREMY NOBLE

'Brouhaha', at the Aldwych

There is so much fun and there are so many good jokes in *Brouhaha*, and so much talent and ingenuity has gone into it, that it is sad to have to write it off finally as a failure. Mr George Tabori has had the ingenious idea of presenting us with a tiny Arab state which has neither oil, nor money, nor importance. If it is to crawl out of its backwardness and poverty, something must be done, and its Eton-and-Oxford Sultan (Peter Sellers) is persuaded that it must be turned into a trouble spot; only so will the Powers find it worth bothering with. So its few lethargic inhabitants are prodded into singing the Red Flag, while its Sultan and his adviser go round the town painting slogans on the walls, and accidentally blow up the British Resident (Lionel Jeffries), which brings the Russians and Americans rushing in with aid.

The idea is better than its execution. Hard though Mr Peter Hall, the director, works, he cannot succeed in making the whole thing add up. There are very funny scenes, like the arrival of a tough Soviet ambassador (with whom Leo McKern neatly scores) or a mock trial recorded specially for the American ambassadress (but *Call Me Madam* had already finished her off). And above all there is Mr Peter Sellers, a beautifully gentle, soft-timing comedian, most elegantly putting over his sad Sultan. But in between there are too many sags when the jokes run down or are too obvious. It is a pity, for political satire seldom gets a run on the English stage, and as a form it badly needs a few successes behind it. Still, I very much hope this comparative failure will not discourage Mr Sellers from the straight stage: it can use him.

T. C. W.

'Auntie Mame', at the Adelphi

The much heralded *Auntie Mame* turns out to be a piece of shoddy hokum; and one can only attribute its success in its own country to its being as deeply embedded in American folk-ways, as, say, *Sailor Beware* is in English. It is an episodic transcription of a novel, and is so badly put together that those unfamiliar with the original can only grope their way towards following its jerky prose. Auntie Mame is an eccentric irresponsible who has a nephew planted on her and drags him up in the way she thinks best for the kind of life a dependant of hers must lead. We are regaled with a haphazard selection of incidents from her life that are evidently meant to endear her to us with their quaintness and wildness.

Whether Miss Beatrice Lillie's dry style is right for the flamboyant creature Auntie Mame is meant to be is a nice question, but a deeply uninteresting one in view of the play's utter ineffectualness. Certainly, as it is, the only pleasure of the evening comes from the rare moments when Miss Lillie can exert her delightful and unique talent for highlighting the moments of bathos. Miss Lillie is a positive delight, but Auntie Mame a positive bore.

T. C. W.

International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas, at the Coliseum

The attitude of English dancers is that of the amateur: it is 'such fun', however earnest their surface belief in the work may be. This is definitely not the case with dancers of the de Cuevas company: they are tough professionals who aim to entertain us. With such ballets as *Gaîté Parisienne* and *Night Shadow*, and such performers as Massine, Nina Vyroubova and Serge Golovine, there is no doubt of our entertainment. Certainly the company as a whole is not co-ordinated enough, but there is a pleasantly broad, continental outlook combined with luxurious discrimination.

In *Night Shadow* Nina Vyroubova is the most lovely sleepwalker. Like some Wilkie Collins heroine she floats in her white nightgown, filling the stage with suggestions of mystery and horror: poetic, dramatic, and yet never exaggerated. Massine's ridiculous Peruvian in that extravagant café comedy, *Gaîté Parisienne*, with lush, plush Winterhalter decor and Offenbach's lilting music, is still riotously and accurately mimed. Massine is one of the dancers who should be filmed; why has not the Royal Ballet or the Arts Council a small fund to perpetuate such genius, so that at least dancers of the future can learn to widen their scope and understanding?

A. F.

Two New Ballets, at Sadler's Wells

The second new ballet of the Rambert season, Two Brothers, is a backyard triangle, in which the younger brother is a mixed-up kid. The girl prefers the elder, more sedate boy, with the result that there is a row and he gets killed. The last part of the ballet is taken up with the girl persuading the delinquent to 'go quietly'. This melodrama is very sensibly arranged by Norman Morrice, so sensibly that almost all the emotional tension on which such a story must hang is lost. Mr Morrice plays the younger brother with character and sensibility. The other dancers give boringly conventional interpretations of their roles. *The Mirror* is a more original work by another young choreographer, Roland Yerrell. In that mysterious, half-dream world, which ballet can convey so expressively, the girl fights her obsession with her own image.

A. F.

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Correspondence

THE NUCLEAR CAMPAIGN

SIR,—The autumn season for the resumption of the Nuclear Campaign is about to open and it seems that the tactics employed during the past 12 months will be repeated. They consist of a drive to mobilise public opinion by means of large public meetings, pamphlets, marches, vigils and other demonstrations against nuclear weapons.

A question one should ask oneself is this: Are there signs that the government is nearer changing its defence policy today than it was when the last White Paper on defence appeared? My own view is that the correct answer is: No. I think there was a moment in the spring of 1958 when the government became mildly alarmed that the emotional wave against nuclear weapons might become politically embarrassing, but their alarm subsided as it became clear that the responsible leaders of the Labour and Liberal parties were in substantial agreement with the government's defence policy. Why, then, has all the devoted and considerable effort of the campaigners for Nuclear Disarmament produced no practical result? It is true that the suspension of tests is now to be discussed, but that is not the result of the campaign. On the other hand obsolete missiles to carry H-bombs are being established on the East Coast.

I suggest that the lack of results of the Campaign is due to the fact that it asks that people should support its aims for reasons which are fundamentally moral and pacifist. May I say at once that these are good reasons, but they appear to be insufficient to sway a substantial portion of the electorate. Until thousands of electors in each constituency back the simple and revolutionary idea that the British government should (unilaterally if necessary, but preferably as the leader of a group of like-minded nations) *renounce the use of nuclear energy for military purposes*, this idea will not be adopted by politicians, and till it is adopted either by a political party or by influential groups within the parties, nothing will happen.

It is my contention that this policy (which happens to have some moral attributes) is the best, the wisest and the most effective policy for the defence of our values against the menace of world Communism. It is the policy which should be recommended to the government by the General Staff. But, as I understand it, this is not the reason the campaigners give to the hungry sheep. The campaigners dwell on the iniquities of nuclear weapons and sometimes they expose the contradictions in our defence policy, but they do not say: 'Our recommendations will give you a better and more up-to-date defence policy'.

Perhaps they do not know why this is so. I have set forth elsewhere the reasons why, from a staff college point of view, the abandonment of nuclear energy for military purposes is the proper course of action for this country. Those reasons—now to be republished in the US and Germany—were the subject of about 100,000 words of criticism in the British press. An analysis of this criticism—including the effort in the NEW STATESMAN—shows that the basic argument could not be overthrown and the critics were reduced to attacking one chapter in the book which dealt with a possible but unlikely consequence of the policy, viz., an enemy occupation of Great Britain.

The joke is that, although I am not able to mention names, some extremely eminent authorities are in complete agreement with me about the fact that the UK is more open to enemy invasion today than ever before in her history and that our complete lack of any plan or idea of how to deal with an occupation or how to turn it into a victory is a shocking gap in our defence arrangements. For so long as the campaigners base their appeal on moral and pacifist grounds and ignore what one can call the realistic reasons for a change of policy, they will not make the necessary impact on the non-pacifist electors who appear to be in a substantial majority in this country.

If, however, they will set about explaining to the electors why the abandonment of nuclear energy for military purposes is the correct non-pacifist method of defending ourselves and attacking the enemy, they may get somewhere and bring the debate to Parliament where the final decision must be made.

STEPHEN KING-HALL

162 Buckingham Palace Road, SW1

THE COLOUR PROBLEM

SIR,—In all the welter of comment in the British press, both editorially and otherwise, over the recent disturbances between 'white' and 'coloured' in Nottingham and London, no reference has been made to what I would call the root cause of the problem of colour in Britain.

It has been stated *ad nauseam* that Britain has never officially applied a colour bar. That may be so. But what purpose does such a claim serve when official policy turns a blind eye to every instance of discrimination brought to its notice.

Very shortly before the clash at Nottingham, much publicity was given to the case of a Pakistani student who was refused admittance to a dance hall in Wolverhampton. The Musicians' Union concerned ordered their members not to play at that hall, but the magistrate had no hesitation in renewing its licence. The denial of admission to the student was for no other reason that that he was of the wrong colour in the eyes of the majority of the patrons of that dance hall.

You will recall a similar incident (during the first Labour government after World War II) which involved the celebrated West Indian Cricketer, Leary Constantine, in Edinburgh. The victim's popularity in the sporting world led to questions in parliament, and I recollect that Mr Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, gave voice to the usual claptrap about the inadvisability of interfering with the individual's right to decide as to who may or may not be admitted to *licensed premises!* Every coloured person who has lived in England for some time has experienced the 'silent' application of the colour bar and has had equally 'silently' to swallow his humiliation.

So long as British official policy continues to ignore the application of the colour bar, it has no right to claim that all coloured citizens of the Commonwealth and Empire enjoy absolute equality before the law. While it may be technically correct, until official action is taken to provide practical evidence, the claim must remain a sham and a direct encouragement to indulge in discriminating practices.

Sitting on the fence is a poor pastime for the individual as well as the nation; sermons, smacking of the pulpit (such as the last part of your leader of 6 September) do not help either. The courage to face unpleasant facts and to act on the simple principle of what is right will go a long way to solve the problem.

T. L. C. RAJEPAKSE

27 Melbourne Avenue
Colombo

SIR,—I see, from a 'This England' contribution last week, that one person blames the Queen for the racial disturbances in this country. Be that as it may, could not some royal tour be used, in *this* country for a change, to foster good relations between peoples of the Commonwealth (the usual reason given for the very costly foreign tours undertaken by one or other of our royal family)? If the royal presence *does* any good, here is an excellent opportunity.

DOROTHY D. DAVIES

3 The Green
Bentcliffe Avenue, Leeds 17

UNIVERSITY BLUES

SIR,—The assertion made by Mr Keith J. Hancock that there is class bias in the selection of undergraduates for admission to 'Oxbridge' colleges is, so far as Trinity Hall is concerned, false. I should expect it to be equally false in relation to other colleges.

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The accusation that we lower the standards of our college by considering irrelevancies such as class is, in this college, an accusation that the Master, the Vice-Master, the Dean and the Assistant Tutor are unworthy to hold their offices. The explanation of Mr Wedderburn's statistics is simple enough, and I am surprised that an Assistant Tutor did not give it. It is that the number of applicants from public schools is more numerous—in this college much more numerous—than the number of applicants from other schools: and all are meritorious because they are supported by the schools, which are familiar with Cambridge standards and help us enormously in our selection.

W. IVOR JENNINGS,
Master

Trinity Hall
Cambridge

SIR,—I would be grateful if you would allow me to examine what appears to be a statistical confusion in the Labour policy document *Learning to Live*, as your correspondents on university education seem to be making the same assumptions.

A much larger proportion of public schoolboys than of state schoolboys go to universities, and this disparity is particularly marked at Oxford and Cambridge. *Learning to Live* (p. 56), presumably arguing from this fact, says that it is easier for public schoolboys to obtain entrance. This is not necessarily so, and it cannot be proved by evidence showing merely that 'it does not appear that, once there, public schoolboys do better, as a group, than other students'. Of course they do not do better, for if they did, it would show that the entrance standard imposed on public schoolboys is higher than that normally required. Which is hardly the case. But in the absence of any clear signs that they do less well or that their standard is lower, it is unhelpful to say that they find it easier to obtain entrance.

While we keep on throwing the word 'easier' around, we can shut our eyes to some of the handicaps from which state schools suffer. Pupils' and parents' ignorance of the purpose and value of a university education, impatience to be out and earning, and teaching difficulties, prevent our state schools from doing as good a job as the public schools in preparing university entrants. There is no need to fog the issue by claiming that universities impose higher entrance standards on state-school candidates, because the results of final examinations offer no support for this notion.

The best answer to these educational problems seems to be to raise the standards of state schools, and this is the conclusion reached by *Learning to Live*. Very little can be done to raise general standards of education by taking over public schools at the moment. Good education cannot easily be handed out as fairly as bacon was during the war, because it is less easy to kill your pig. Public-school teachers tend to be above the average, because they get longer holidays, better pay and better prospects than state teachers. Equalising education means reducing their standard of living, and would probably drive out of teaching many people who are prepared to teach in a public school but not in a state school.

In the long run this might be no loss, but in the short run the drain of teachers, and the cost of providing free education for children whose parents would otherwise have paid their fees, would prevent a Labour government from doing anything to improve the standard of state education (e.g., reducing the number of children in a class). These and other short-term reasons make it quite understandable that the public schools should be left alone for some time.

TREVOR LLOYD

Nuffield College
Oxford

DE GAULLE'S RALLY

SIR,—Thanks to the police and the Jeune Nation, the meeting at the Place de la République on 4 September was a splendid success. There were grand speeches and nothing but wild applause from 10,000 Parisians invited to hear the great General outline his new democratic constitution. A good twenty minutes before the meeting began, while the General's guests were being entertained by military band, 140,000 Frenchmen without invitation cards were driven back from the barriers that blocked all streets to the Place.

I was also not invited and I managed to escape injury by slipping round the side of the police cordon battering the front rank of 'gate-crashers' in the Rue de Turbigo. What a sight! In front of me a party of workers were getting medals, and behind me a huge mass of workers were being driven away by the police, and they were still very much in sight when Andre Malraux, looking down the Rue de Turbigo from a high platform, thanked the people of Paris for coming to the meeting. What a grotesque comedy! In front, a plush-covered rostrum, dignified leaders, and a cheering crowd; in between, a deserted stretch of street littered with paper; behind, bodies falling under the feet of baton-swinging policemen. And above it all, fine words swelling out of the loudspeakers.

If that's the way the General and his assistants deal with Parisians in public, how are they going to treat their bits of paper when it comes to counting them in private for the referendum?

SIMON MORRIS

35 Lyndale Avenue, NW2

MORE WORDS OF ILL-OMEN

SIR,—In 'More Words of Ill-Omen' Mr Edmund Wilson does me the honour of quoting from a 24-year-old book of mine to make a verbal point which is completely without validity. The quotation and the comment read:

> Geoffrey Gorer in his book *The Marquis de Sade* writes of one of his subject's exploits with three prostitutes and his valet that Sade 'was almost certainly exploring conscientiously and practically all possible extensions of sensual pleasure, from which he was to draw his theory and criticism some years later. Both his physical and mental courage were adequate to the task.
>
> Now anyone who knows anything about Sade can hardly be in any *uncertainty* as to what the Marquis was up to. The purpose of the *almost certainly* here—as well as the British emphasis on the stamina and pluck of Sade—has been evidently to create for this scandalous affair an atmosphere of respectability.

In point of fact, when I wrote *almost certainly* what I meant to convey is that there was a high probability that my explanation was correct, but no means of proving it. The point about the Marseilles scandal—one of the few occasions in which Sade's sexual behaviour is very exactly detailed—is that during the debauch Sade was almost completely passive, was severely beaten and otherwise maltreated and, if this was the only record we possessed, any sexologist would classify him as a complete masochist. The sado-masochistic character is frequently labile, so it is possible that Sade's behaviour at Marseilles was dictated by whim; but it contrasts so strongly with the other incidents documented and with the fantasies in his books, that it is 'almost certain' that he was making conscientious experiments. Mr Wilson has apparently some occult source which informs him with certainty what Sade was up to on any occasion; I have to rely on documents, and even with the enormous increase in documentation made available since the war by the present Marquis de Sade, and edited by Gilbert Lély, I should still hold that one can only hazard guesses of more or less probability about Sade's motives at any particular moment. His stamina and pluck are so fully documented that to deny them is to suppress evidence for propagandistic ends. This does not make him respectable, and I was not attempting to do so; he is outrageous, but, to my mind, one of the most illuminating figures of the last two centuries. He provides one of the most essential clues for the understanding of much political behaviour during the last quarter century.

GEOFFREY GORER

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THEODORE MAJOR

SIR,—The *Manchester Guardian's* art critic, Anthony Tucker, writes: 'Wigan stands bright and surprisingly clean on the edge of the Fylde country, its light fairly strictly comparable with that of a small market town.' This talk is typical of people (and there are many such in Wigan and other dirty towns) who have become so used to pollution and ugliness that they no longer see them, except perhaps for a few days after their return from a summer holiday spent where the air is clean and fresh. Being on the edge of the Fylde country cannot save Wigan air. My house, five miles out of the town, adjoins a cornfield and is rural enough to have had in its garden this year a hare, a hedgehog, two cuckoos, a mole, and an owl. Yet the air is so laden with filth from Wigan and St. Helens, that, when I wipe my plastic clothes line each day, a thick black line is made on the cloth; my window ledges are thick with black dust (and so are my lungs) and a mountain ash tree in the garden is a dusty, olive green—a very poor relation of one blazing with autumn colour and berries at Grasmere. Ask the window cleaner, the washerwoman, the house painter, the doctor dealing with chronic bronchitis, whether Wigan air (and therefore Wigan light) is comparable with that of a small market town—say Kendal, which has no cotton mill chimneys, no coal mines, or open cast schemes. Or drive through Wigan on Sunday, or during Wakes Week, when industrial smoke is at a minimum, and notice the remarkable improvement in visibility.

As regards Theodore Major's art, one may not agree with everything John Berger says, but one would agree with a number of essential points: that Major has the 'understanding, intelligence and compassion of a hard lifetime', that he paints 'tragic nobility', that his best canvases 'deserve to hang among the best English paintings of our time', and that he is 'a better artist than most of his well-known contemporaries'. Major's detractors make all sorts of accusations against his art, but to me none of these can be considered valid in the light of his robust sense of humour—a humour as loving as that of Charles Dickens.

MARY MCLEAN

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ROBESON AND FAST

SIR,—Mr Norman MacKenzie has posed an interesting question when he asks why Howard Fast broke with the Communist Party whereas Paul Robeson continues to remain faithful to it. He may, in fact, be essentially right in saying that it is because Fast had for years been a member of the party and knew how the machine worked while Robeson has always been associated with the Communist struggle against imperialism and racial discrimination without assuming responsibility for Communist policy as a whole.

But it is clear from Fast's own writings since his resignation from the Communist Party that yet another factor influenced him, as it has influenced many other Jewish Communists all over the world—namely the ill-treatment and discrimination practised against the Jewish minority in the Soviet Union, although no one could describe Fast as a 'Jewish nationalist'.

'What kind of people do they think we are?' Professor Hyman Levy asked in his recent book on the Jewish question in the Soviet Union, which was a natural and dignified reaction of hundreds of Jewish workers and intellectuals, some of them members of the Communist Party for a quarter of a century or more.

As for Robeson, is it conceivable that he would have remained faithful to the Communist Party if Negroes were suffering discrimination in a Communist country, if, in parallel to the situation of Jews in the Soviet Union, Negro schools were closed down, Negroes were eliminated from leading political and diplomatic posts and Negro writers, poets and actors were unjustly imprisoned or executed?

P. RICHARDS

Tel Aviv

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Laughing Boy

The duty of the writer is not to the makers of history, but to those who are subject to them

ALBERT CAMUS

'A FINE, big, handsome young man, he was,' my mother told me a thousand times, 'and if he had money to give to the wife or mother of a prisoner or a man on the run, or the family of one of the boys killed or wounded, shot or hanged, he would deliver it himself. The other head ones were very serious men, but we wives and mothers called Mick the laughing boy.'

'I stand for an Irish civilisation based on the people, and embodying the things – their habits, ways of thought, customs – that make them different – the sort of life that I was brought up in. . . . Once, years ago, a crowd of us were walking along the Shepherd's Bush Road when out of a lane came a chap with a donkey – just the sort of donkey and just the sort of cart that they have at home. He came out quite suddenly and abruptly and we all cheered him. Nobody who has not been an exile will understand me, but I stand for that,' said Michael Collins*.

'I stand,' said Lenin, 'for the abolition of the village idiot.'

Donkeys and carts – Socialism plus electricity.

Thirty-five years after the death of Collins and the execution of Erskine Childers by Collins's men, the Gaeltacht has declined by one-third, and there are less native speakers of Irish than ever. The largest annual spiritual retreat conducted in the Irish language is given at Saint Patrick's Church in Huddersfield. There are Gaelic football and hurling teams that have given up the games because most of the young men of the parishes are in England or in America.

In the Dail, last month, the Minister for Lands, Erskine Childers Jr, defended the purchase of a £50,000 estate by an English syndicate, in County Carlow, where there were landless men, hoping to get small farms out of it, so that they could stop at home. The Minister said that the proclamation of the Republic guaranteed equal rights to all citizens, and he could not take over the estate or discriminate against the Englishmen with the fifty thousand pounds. Maybe, he was acting in a more revolutionary spirit than he realised and future revolutionaries on that particular estate will not be confronted by troublesome, sturdy, smaller proprietors. Collective farming may begin immediately. In the meantime, the Carlowmen can come over here and spend the hours between three and seven p.m. on Sundays, hanging around the Shepherd's Bush Road, or the Edgware Road, or King's Cross or Bayswater, in the hopes of a consoling look at a donkey and cart.

If Jim Larkin had learnt Irish or Collins had studied Leninism! The connection between them is closer than you may know. The Soviet Government had close contacts with the Irish Republican representatives in America, and was the first country to recognise the Republic of Ireland – the thirty-two county Republic. So far the Vatican has not done so. The Imperial Crown Jewels of the Romanoffs (or Romanovs, or whatever the hell they called themselves, when that show was on the road) lie – guess where? In the vaults of Government Buildings, Dublin. They were pawned as security for a loan given by the Irish Republic to the Soviet Republic in 1920. The rising of 1916, in which Michael Collins fought bravely, was defended by Lenin, when other Socialists described it as a putsch.

'Of the science of politics, we knew nothing,' remarked Collins to Peadar Kearney, a brother of my mother's, author of the National Anthem, and member of the Supreme Council of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. If Ireland has less people and naturally less of 'their habits, ways of thought, customs', than she had in 1922, this is not what Michael Collins lived and worked for. It goes to show that if you want to make a revolution, it's as well to go and learn something about politics.

By politics I do not mean, of course, the tactics of the pitch-and-toss school spiv, Birkenhead; or the earnest strivings of Lloyd George, the boy from the valley hoping to get on in the big smoke – the poor industrious old mug, trying to act the worldly and the cynical, the Dull Old Thing, England's foreign-born lackey, and his lackey's lackey, Tom Jones, C.H., and much good may it do him. How much nobler, their countryman Dylan Thomas, with his splendid statement: 'A job is death without the dignity'. And by a job, Dylan Thomas, who was a very hard-working man, did not of course mean 'work'.

Nor, by politics, do I mean the tweedy frugalities of Eamon de Valera. Of course, I know that he was a brave man, too, in his day. Though I had the melancholy experience of overhearing one of his executions by shooting. I could not very well help it. It happened within a hundred yards of me, and it seems all the rifles were loaded.

Collins and Griffith allowed themselves to be tricked into Partition at the Treaty negotiations. Griffith worked all his life for Ireland's cause as he thought best. He thought the 1913 strike was unpatriotic because Murphy and the other employers were Irish industrialists. He did protest against the atrocities of the Dublin Metropolitan Police on the tenement dwellers. This was because they were an English force. (They were indeed founded by an ancestor of the Duke of Edinburgh – Prince Max of Battenberg. His Highness's other claim to fame is that he licensed brothels and organised prostitution in Dublin, in the district made famous by James Joyce as 'Night Town'.)

Collins and Griffith were innocent men, and honourable men. Collins was a brave man, a kind man, and one of the greatest guerrilla tacticians that ever lived. Collins, Griffith and De Valera accomplished many things. Three of them are the hydro-electric schemes, the Peat Board and a revolution in housing, particularly in the country areas, where most families have a two-storied house with electricity, and far better facilities than the people in some parts of East Anglia, for instance.

But 'of the science of politics, we knew nothing'. If they had, the Irish would have been home and dried thirty-five years ago, instead of hanging around West London trying to get a look at an ass and cart.

Rex Taylor's is a good book. The author is an Englishman, and his book is none the worse for that.

He says the armoured car in Collins's convoy was driven by the Scotsman, MacPeake, because nobody else in the Free State Army could drive one. This is amusing but not true. There was Pat MacCrea from Wicklow, who drove the armoured car into Mountjoy Prison in the attempt to rescue Sean MacEoin. He was a strike leader in 1913, fought in 1916 and, I think, went with the Free State Army in 1922.

Mr Taylor questions, as do many people, whether Michael Collins ordered the shooting of Sir Henry Wilson, by Reggie Dunne and Joe O'Sullivan, in June, 1922. The London Battalion of the IRA remained under IRB (pro-Treaty) control and Collins was a member of the Supreme Council of the body. It is very unlikely that Wilson was shot without his knowledge. During the Treaty negotiations he met leaders of the London IRA, and I have been told that he ordered them to continue gathering arms. The raid on Windsor Barracks, which Mr Taylor mentions, was in furtherance of this general order, though not maybe on a specific order.

Collins also ordered the setting up of two bomb factories in London, in one of which Michael MacInerney was killed by an accidental explosion in the late summer of 1922.

It will come as a surprise to Mr Taylor and to many Irish people to know that there is a first-hand account of the shooting of Collins. I translate from the Irish:

> There was a small band of IRA men waiting at a cross-roads, wondering whether Collins's band would come back in that direction. After a good while, they went off in the direction they thought it more probable the other band would travel. They came there sooner than expected. They had a scout in front, and he heard the sound of a shot. He went back to give the alarm, and the armoured cars almost collided. There was a ditch running parallel to this road, the width of a field away. There was a Volunteer (IRA man) behind this ditch, one man only; there were single trees growing here and there along the ditch; the Volunteer fired a shot at the cars from the cover of a tree; he ran forward in the cover of the ditch and fired one or two shots from the cover of the tree nearest to him, and so forth. With that, and the cars halted, a man jumped out, ran along the road firing as he ran. The man in the cover of the tree aimed his gun again. 'He is a brave man, anyway,' said he, as he fired a bullet at him. With that, he saw the brave man raising up his own gun soft and easily over his head till he made a half-circle with it, and fell on his side, dead. It was Michael Collins. After a while, the armoured car came back, and they took his body in.

* *Michael Collins*. By REX TAYLOR. *Hutchinson*. 25*s*.

In a letter quoted by Mr Taylor, Bernard Shaw wrote to Collins's sister:

> Don't let them make you miserable about it; how could a born soldier die better than at the victorious end of a good fight, falling to the shot of another Irishman – a damned fool, but all the same an Irishman who thought he was fighting for Ireland—'A Roman to a Roman'?.... tear up your mourning and hang up your brightest colours in his honour; and let us all praise God that he had not to die in a snuffy bed of a trumpery cough, weakened by age and saddened by the disappointments that would have attended his work had he lived.

After his death the Irish did not make a song about him. Here is one: 'The Death of Michael Collins at Beal na Blath' (the mouth of flowers):

'Twas on an August morning, all in the dawning hours,
I went to take the warming air, all in the Mouth of Flowers,
And there I saw a maiden, and mournful was her cry,
'Ah, what will mend by broken heart, I've lost my Laughing Boy'.

So strong, so wide and brave he was, I'll mourn his loss too sore,
When thinking that I'll hear the laugh or springing step no more,
Ah, curse the times, and sad the loss my heart to crucify,
That an Irish son with a rebel gun shot down my Laughing Boy.

Oh, had he died by Pearse's side, or in the GPO
Killed by an English bullet from the rifle of the foe,
Or forcibly fed with Ashe lay dead, in the dungeons of Mountjoy,
I'd have cried with pride for the way he died, my own dear Laughing Boy.

My princely love, can ageless love do more than tell to you,
Go raibh mile maith agat, for all you tried to do,
For all you did, and would have done, my enemies to destroy,
I'll mourn your name, and praise your fame, forever, my Laughing Boy.

BRENDAN BEHAN

Out of the Party

Crossing the Line. By CLAUD COCKBURN. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

Of his first volume of autobiography, *In Time of Trouble*, Mr Cockburn writes here, 'I had supposed that the whole book, all the way from the nursery to the Spanish war, was, in fact, an answer'—an answer to the question, how he came to move into the Communist Party. *Crossing the Line* is an answer to the question, how he came to move out of it. It is as compulsively readable as the earlier book, and almost as funny; for the same reasons. He is a highly idiosyncratic person; to use E. M. Forster's description of Cavafy, which he himself applies to the Irish town of Youghal, where he now lives, he stands 'at a slight angle to the universe'. It is the source of his peculiar brand of humour. And then, for years he was in the know, but it was an unusual know he was in. The author of the conventional volume of memoirs, elder statesman or field-marshal, tells us what the Beaver said to Baldwin and what Baldwin said to the Archbishop; with luck, we get a worm's-eye view of what went on in high places. Mr Cockburn gives us a worm's-eye

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

view of what went on – not in low places precisely, but in remote and mysterious ones, in the sense that King Street, Covent Garden, is more remote from most of us than Smith Square and Victoria Street, and newspapers produced in the Farringdon Road more mysterious than those produced in Fleet Street. Representative figures in *Crossing the Line* are Otto Katz, Egon Erwin Kisch, Monsieur Bob, a principal Comintern agent in France, Harry Pollitt, William Rust, Wilfred Macartney, Earl Browder and Georgi Dimitrov; and when the personages we expect to encounter in conventional memoirs drift into view in Mr Cockburn's pages they tend to have undergone a significant change: General de Gaulle, for example, appears as an irrepressible joker.

Mr Cockburn's memoirs, then, have the charm of the novel and the exotic. They are witty, astringent and extremely vivid, and they report their author's impingement on history during the decade from 1938, from the oblique angle of the professional Communist.

But Mr Cockburn is a Communist no longer. What went wrong? Needless to say, Mr Cockburn is not doing a Douglas Hyde on us. This isn't a confession; as he says: 'If a man was fool enough to be fooled by a lot of fools whom he now declares to be fools, and furthermore was fooled for years on end, should any intelligent person pay much attention to his testimony?' Nor was it a case of a God failing him; that would imply a relation to Communism Mr Cockburn never had. No; in the end, not suddenly but over a period of years, he came to the conclusion that he had seen the future and it didn't work. He writes of the Communist crime in Hungary:

> The crime, monstrous in its fact and in its implications, was that after nearly a decade of absolute Communist rule, a majority of people was prepared to die rather than tolerate the regime.

That was ten years after Mr Cockburn left the Party. After the war, looking at the English scene, he felt:

> We ran faster and faster, and seemed to remain almost exactly in the same place. If Marx was right in noting that the crucial thing is not simply to understand the world but to change it, we seemed to be changing very little.
>
> For example, to descend from the general to the particular, the circulation of the *Daily Worker* at about this period was not merely not rising, but falling.
>
> . . . A more personal feature of this depressing scene was my growing conviction that, although some British Communists were doubtless proving immensely effective somewhere, my own effectiveness was sinking towards zero.

Here, it seems to me, we come very close to the heart of the matter, though there were other factors, as Mr Cockburn shows: a man needs a private life, a born writer needs to write, and so on. But essentially Mr Cockburn is a great technician, a great journalist; the United States Senate was not quite silly when it listed him among the three hundred most dangerous Reds in the world. During the Thirties, the Communist Party gave him the chance and the scope to exercise his talents as he could have done through no other organisation. There were, of course, difficulties with the Comintern, as when that body failed to understand why the British Communist Party refused to circulate the issue of its English-language weekly that contained the remarkable sentence, 'the lower organs of the party in Britain must make still greater efforts to penetrate the backward parts of the proletariat'. But, for good reasons and bad, the Party enabled him, as it did others, to fight Fascism in the most effective way he knew: and the reflection, if there is any, is not on him but on the orthodox political parties of this country. By 1946, so far as Cockburn and others were concerned, the British Communist Party had lost its point, and the merciful visitation of a stomach ulcer allowed him to slip away without fuss and, until now, without explanation.

WALTER ALLEN

Sibylline

How Different from Us! A Biography of Miss Buss and Miss Beale. By JOSEPHINE KAMM. *Bodley Head.* 25*s.*

Readers who, like me, regard that great Leviathan, Cheltenham Ladies' College, with a certain awe, will probably approach this book cautiously. 'No unnecessary circumambulation is allowed', as Miss Buss wrote upon a decorative fountain in her school. Headmistresses have that effect, and these were no ordinary headmistresses. Miss Buss was founder and for more than forty years Head of the North London Collegiate School for Ladies (subsequently Girls); she died in 1894. Miss Beale did not actually found Cheltenham, but she took it over in its early infancy in 1858, and was Lady Principal for nearly fifty years. Both women built up their own schools, and did it at a time when there was neither any efficient girls' school to model them on, nor any supply of trained or tested teachers. Mrs Kamm movingly describes the heartbreaking struggle they had to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps, overcoming first their own ignorance and then that of their staff, persuading suitable people to lecture to their teachers, clamouring to get their girls admitted to examinations and then being shattered at the results, and repeating patiently to anybody who would listen to them that study did not, in their experience, damage the female constitution more than idleness. Their courage and enterprise are extremely impressive. Behind them, too, appears the still more formidable figure of Miss Emily Davies, who seems to have done a most surprising service to the whole Women's Movement by keeping each ardent pioneer firmly to her own job and preventing them from exploding where it was not absolutely necessary. The whole performance is remarkable in itself and still more so as an example of the law by which the best rebels make the best autocrats. By modern standards both ladies were unbearably oppressive, and here Mrs Kamm serves them admirably, for she forces us to try to understand their position. Girls' schools before theirs were mostly quite vague and ineffectual; boys' schools relied mainly on the rod; teachers had to improvise methods of discipline as well as of teaching as they went along, and could never have the advantage of being checked by someone with more experience in the same field, since no such person existed. Take it all together, and one cannot really be surprised that headmistresses should have changed from harmless outsize Nannies like Jane Austen's Mrs Goddard to something more like the Sibyl of Dodona. All the same it is a pity, and sets a fascinating problem in corruption.

> Said Miss Beale to Miss Buss,
> 'There is no one like us'.
> Said Miss Buss to Miss Beale,
> 'That is just what *I* feel'.

Governing Bodies in particular became an unbearable irritant, because they were the only foreign object with real powers of resistance which came within the microcosm. Miss Buss, peppery, pig-headed but profoundly generous,

had no end of trouble with hers, in all of which one can sympathise with her; she had moreover been forced to leave school and start teaching herself at fourteen, which, together with considerable money difficulties, goes a long way to account for her limitations. Miss Beale is harder to swallow today, and I was beginning to conclude that her blend of snobbism and sanctity was altogether too much when I came across this pleasing story about the introduction of games in her school – which, by the way, she had opposed as long as she could:

> Hockey was first played in 1890, and after watching a game she is said to have complained in outraged, commanding tones, 'The children will hurt themselves if they all run about after one ball. Get some more balls at once'.

Mrs Kamm has taken a great deal of trouble to collect such tales, which make her book not only extremely funny but very revealing, since she uses them with great psychological insight to illustrate the paradoxes of character. This is altogether a most interesting and satisfactory biography; in spite of being amusing it is, by the way, carried out in a thoroughly scholarly fashion with notes and index.

MARY SCRUTTON

Voice and Manner

Poetry for Supper. By R. S. THOMAS. *Hart-Davis.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

A Sense of the World. By ELIZABETH JENNINGS. *Deutsch.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Two Freedoms. By JON SILKIN. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Triumph of the Muse. By JOHN HEATH-STUBBS. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

One Landscape Still. By PATRICK MACDONOGH. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the first three volumes one hears a voice: the voice of a man of hard experience, of a young inquirer, and a voice seeking a voice. In the last two one is aware of a mode: a poetic style with a human being concealed somewhere behind it; though I must confess that in Mr. Heath-Stubbs's poems the human being sometimes bursts through with admirable force. Yet for the most part the poetic integument is too smooth for ordinary or extraordinary feeling to come through. One can enjoy this poetry, admire the integument, yet miss the sound of a natural voice.

Mr Thomas is a local poet glorified. He writes of his Welsh parish in a style which seems to be made for it; no former style would have served him. He is hard and sure in dealing with his local figures, and describes them with the loving toughness of a shepherd of souls. He is sorry for these souls contained in bodies, yet very conscious of the bodies, their solidity and their demands. His poems seem to embrace a community, visible and invisible, body and soul, enclosed within the horizon which made them what they are. In a comparatively long poem, 'Border Blues', he describes the changes which are taking place in his parish:

> I was going up the road with Beuno beside me
> Talking in Latin and old Welsh
> When a volley of voices struck us; I turned,
> But Beuno had vanished, and in his place
> There stood the ladies from the council houses:
> Blue eyes and Birmingham yellow
> Hair, and the ritual murder of vowels.
> Excuse me, I said, I have an appointment
> On the high moors . . .

He shows the old ways continuing and the new ways advancing:

> Though the strings are broken, and time sets
> The barbed wire in their place,
> The tune endures; on the cracked screen
> Of life our shadows are large still
> In history's fierce afterglow.

Lines ending with two accented syllables seem to be a feature of his poetry. I wonder if it is a traditional Welsh rhythm; at any rate it suits admirably his way of regarding the world.

The quality of Miss Jennings's imagination might be illustrated from almost any poem in *A Sense of the World.* For instance, in this poem about an old woman:

> 'And love is now
> A flicker of memory, my body is
> My own entirely. When I lie at night
> I gather nothing now into my arms,
> No child or man, and where I live
> Is what remains when men and children go.'
>
> Yet she owns more than residue of lives
> That she has marked and altered. See how she
> Warns time from too much touching her possesions
> By keeping flowers fed, by polishing
> Her fine old silver. Gratefully
> She sees her own glance printed on grandchildren.

That is not a portrait of an old woman, but rather an imaginative identification, what Rilke called *Einsehen* or seeing into or placing oneself inside a figure or an experience. The *Einsehen* is shown most vividly in such phrases as 'my body is my own entirely', and 'I gather nothing now into my arms', which stand out from the rest of the lines and illumine them; Miss Jennings has a gift for making the simplest words do such things. In these poems she seems to be particularly fascinated by the shadows cast by things and people and lives. This shadow is neither a mere illustration nor an image; it is something immaterial and yet real; it accompanies life, and is like an elusive and changing significance which cannot be caught yet is always there. It is part of Miss Jennings's sense of the world, and she conveys by means of it a fresh sense of the mystery of things, sometimes indirectly and sometimes directly, as in a poem about an old man:

> His age drawn out behind him to be watched:
> It is his shadow you may say. That dark
> He paints upon the wall is his past self,
> A mark he only leaves when he is still
> And he is still now always,
> At ease and watching all his life assemble.

The danger of a simple style is that it can fall into the prosaic, and Miss Jennings has not always escaped it. Yet this is probably the only style which could convey so truly a sense of objects just outside ordinary perception and thought; and at any rate it is wedded to the poetry. This is a rewarding book: one knows things after reading it at which one had not guessed before.

There are strange and beautiful passages in Mr Silkin's poems, profound feeling, unusual integrity, and a sense of breaking through to a vision which is only now and then attained. They impress even when they confuse or disappoint. The title poem is very fine, and makes one feel that Mr Silkin will become one of the best poets of his generation.

Mr Heath-Stubbs is a poet of great skill, but the persistent classical allusions and the irony directed against himself leave one with a sense of gifts that could have been better used. He can write seriously:

> Hearts are at infinite remove
> Though breast on breast lie all this night;
> Though thigh and lip and finger play
> The soul is lost to sense and sight:

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Third edition (*Chatham House*) 45s. *net*

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Between these dark polarities
Love's rainbow arches, and is bright.

The ironical and satirical poems are delightful.

Mr MacDonogh is accomplished, elegant and easy to read. He makes a gallant bow to words, but they are 'literary', and Helen, after Yeats's hard use of her, must surely be overworked by now. An infusion of Mr Heath-Stubbs's self-irony would have improved these verses, but this is a first volume, and there is enough grace in it to make one look forward to Mr MacDonogh's next.

EDWIN MUIR

Writ in Water

The Vichy Regime 1940-44. By ROBERT ARON. Translated by HUMPHREY HARE. *Putnam*. 42s.

French history is strewn with 'days'. Each revolution has them: the fall of the Bastille on 14 July; the three 'glorious' days of July 1830; the June days in 1848. De Gaulle speaks on 4 September, the revolutionary day of the Third Republic; and himself echoes the man of 2 December. No period of French history has been so rich in 'days' as the four years of the Vichy system. There was the dramatic moment of its birth; the sensational intrigue of 13 December 1940 which eliminated Laval, though not for long; the catastrophe of 10 November 1942; and the final degradation in August 1944. Every participant has contributed his memoirs: ministers, generals, civil servants, journalists, intriguers. The bibliography of this book in its French edition, here savagely abridged, runs to eleven pages; and fresh material could be added to it. Indeed it is surprising that there are not special chairs of Vichy history.

This obsession springs from the insignificance of the subject, not from its importance. Frenchmen noted every detail and subsequently wrote their memoirs because they had nothing better to do. Sartre's play, *Huis Clos*, was prophetic. Impotent to influence events, the French were condemned to an endless round of political changes which changed nothing. The details have a certain interest, as a novel has, but it is not the interest of history. For in history men's actions produce results. Here they produced nothing. If Hitler won, the future of France would be determined in one direction; if the allies won, in another. Meanwhile France did not exist for all practical purposes. In the long run, however, Vichy produced results of a disastrous-kind. Lacking a puppet government, France would have been run and exploited by the Germans—but not more harshly than Belgium or Holland. Afterwards she would have had nothing to be ashamed of. She would have resumed a normal life, healthy and democratic. As it was, Vichy poisons French politics to the present day. Now, by a sad outcome, de Gaulle—the man who tried to save France from the Vichy system—seeks to restore it, with himself in the position of Pétain.

Why did France, alone of the countries overrun by Hitler, take the path of rottenness? Partly from pride. The French wanted to go on being a Great Power. They pretended to an independence which they no longer possessed. But far more from corruption. All the men of Vichy were rotten: some, like Pétain, from vanity; some, like his absurd theoreticians, from intellectual folly; but most from simple greed. They were out to do well for themselves even at a time of national disaster. The French people, too, were corrupted. Two good meals a day and a bottle of wine were more important to them than the liberation of their country. Of course no other country has such temptation; but France easily succumbed. The minority saved their honour, but hardly that of their country.

The present book tells the squalid story in a lively enough fashion. The result recalls the intrigues in an Oxford common-room, or some episode in the last days of Byzantium. Laval emerges as a sort of Satanic hero, the one man who tried to climb back into control of events; but even he seems futile and trivial. The details are carefully worked out, with a gentle anti-British twist. But the squalid record becomes monotonous. Human nature is of all kinds. There is nobility and heroism in the world as well as selfishness and folly. Not however at Vichy. It is unpleasant to be reminded of the story, and a relief to have done with it.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

The Birth of Leviathan

War and Society in the Seventeenth Century. By SIR GEORGE CLARK. *Cambridge*. 18s. 6d.

Gustavus Adolphus: Vol. II. By MICHAEL ROBERTS. *Longmans*. 84s.

Sometime in the seventeenth century the State was born, that mortal God our peace and defence. Out of a welter of jurisdictions ecclesiastical and civil, whose conflicting claims tore apart men's consciences and all too often their bodies, there emerged, clear and without rival, certain sovereign authorities: great princes or petty, High Courts of Parliament, High Mightinesses, Senates. All possessed the necessary characteristics of the State, the machinery of taxation and police and customs officers and civil servants and armies and, where necessary, navies—the whole apparatus which Hobbes so rightly diagnosed as being, with all its inconveniences and crying injustices, the essential framework of civilised life. Until there were sovereigns there could be no security. Before there were nations there could be no international law. After the stormy adolescence of the wars of Religion, the Peace of Westphalia was for Europe a coming of age.

The school in which the State grew to maturity was that of war. The princes who survived and mastered what Sir George Clark so aptly calls 'the *mêlée*' were those who became militarily self-sufficient; who were no longer dependent for their security on the whims of avaricious mercenary bands and unreliable international bankers, but could rely for their defence on armed forces and financial resources under their own direct control. It was in conflict with one another that the nations of Europe developed, from loose congeries of communities owing a shadowy allegiance to a quasi-religious overlord, into tough, integrated political bodies which could admit no dispute about where their frontiers lay. This is the process traced by Sir George Clark in these lectures. I use the word 'traced' very deliberately, for with the modesty, so infuriating to the layman, of the profoundly erudite scholar, Sir George draws on his vast store of knowledge simply to produce a few tentative suggestions, a sketch which is at once admirable and irritating. The outlines are there: the gradual acquisition by the State of the monopoly of the sword, the development of a military profession, the acceptance of war as an intrinsic part of an otherwise civilised society, its relationship to the duel. But how one longs for more than outline—for less titillation of the palate, for more solid meat! Yet from lectures of this kind perhaps one cannot expect anything more.

If they inspire a more detailed and consecutive study of the subject they will have brilliantly served their turn.

Sir George's book is like a tutorial with a great but inarticulate savant: suggestive sentences trail away to nothing, there are constant pounces at the bookshelves, long embarrassed silences—exciting and fruitful for the alpha pupil, caviar to the general. Professor Roberts is very different. He is the lecturer whom we can follow only by taking the most industrious notes. No less erudite, he communicates his knowledge on a scale and in a detail which is rare in British historians of continental affairs. He has taken the trouble to learn unusual languages and master recondite sources, and with this volume he completes a work to find a parallel for which one must go back to Reade's great three-volume *Sidelights on the Thirty Years War*. It is an achievement which those who lament the incorrigible insularity of British historians will greet with delight.

Here at any rate is one corner of Sir George Clarke's canvas filled in in detail. The Swedish state under Gustavus Adolphus achieved an astonishing degree of maturity which by the standards of contemporary Europe was anachronistic and premature. The military force which gained her the status of a first-rank power was dependent neither on an unruly noblesse nor on grants from cantankerous and ignorant Estates. Conscript levies provided the core of her armies, together with mercenaries punctually paid: a combination which made possible the tactical innovations and renovations by which Gustavus Adolphus was to overrun half Europe, and which Cromwell, Louvois, the Great Elector, all were to copy in their turn. The nobility, their lands and pretensions not swollen like those of the English by monastery spoils, looked to the Crown for employment and became, like the Junkers across the Baltic in the following century, a militarised officer class. The money for the conduct of the war was largely found by the conduct of the war itself – by the dues from conquered Baltic ports and the contributions from conquered provinces and obsequious allies. For a time Sweden actually seemed to have discovered how to make war pay.

It could not last. It never can. The contributions from conquered neighbours were never quite enough. They had to be eked out increasingly by sales of Crown Lands, weakening the monarchy at home and making necessary yet more conquests abroad. Sweden found, like Prussia her great successor, that each stage of expansion brought yet greater commitments, yet longer frontiers and more unruly subjects. The only logical conclusion to such a process was discerned with lunatic clarity both by Charles XII and by Hitler: *Weltmacht oder Niedergang*. As with Germany – to look no nearer home – Sweden saw in each new stage of conquest simply the necessary protection of vital interests. Gustavus, when he set Sweden on the road of European expansion and ultimate disaster, was not seeking glory; he was seeking security, both for Sweden and for the Protestant cause.

The reader can draw his own analogies, and he may be led on to yet more profound queries. The states which developed in the seventeenth century, for all their constant warfare, made civilisation possible. If men had to fight in the King's wars they enjoyed in return the King's peace, and for that it was not too high a price to pay. But the price has gone up a great deal since. The State has nursed and nourished us for three hundred years; but is Leviathan still our peace and defence, in the nuclear age?

MICHAEL HOWARD

Jungle Hazards

The Door Marked Malaya. By OLIVER CRAWFORD. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

Noone of the Ulu. By DENNIS HOLMAN. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Temiar Jungle. By JOHN SLIMMING. *Murray.* 18*s.*

No sooner had Mr Crawford taken his history degree at Oxford than he was caught up in the National Service machine, commissioned in the Somerset Light Infantry and sent off to Malaya at the age of twenty-one. His account of his experiences there is exhilarating and poignant. There is no posturing, no cant, no self-deception. He moves slowly in his two years from the bewildered contempt of the misfit, numbed by his first immersion in the East, through an uphill effort to cope with jungle and responsibility, to an eventual identification with both Malayan and army life. All through, he tries to preserve standards of intelligence and open-mindedness. Something is lost, something else won: his aversion to discipline yields to a generous insight into all sorts and conditions of soldiers; jungle dangers supplant *accidia*. The book abounds in contrasts: the food-drop, bringing crates of bacon, foot-powder, rifle-oil and rum; Untam the scout with his Humpty-Dumpty face and pet tortoise; squelching mangrove swamps; the neon babble of town; the reprieve of cool hospitals; brown leeches, black shadow, green foliage; the exhaustion of patrol and the frustration of waiting in ambush; cricket on the jungle radio; jacaranda, banana, gladioli, snakes, ants.

Gradually, as one patrol ends only to begin another, the young officer becomes adept, expediently hard and even afraid of becoming callous. When his patrol ambushes and kills two terrorists, he half-recoils but half-exults. The political situation which he studies so carefully he reduces to terms of diverse, polyglot, humane detail – the peoples in the problem, the problems of any one individual, whether rubber-tapper, bewildered villager or the Chinese city-girl with red slippers and a Mona Lisa smile. This articulate and vivid book displays and assists understanding more than anything I have read of its type. The spectacle of a young man hastily deepening his sense of life in such violent and exotic circumstances is very moving, and emerges here in a prose of compressed elegance. Mr Crawford must keep on writing.

Mr Holman's Malaya is that of the higher-level jungle; his story, stretching over twenty-five years, that of Pat Noone, a Cambridge ethnographer who married into a little-known tribe, the Temiar aborigines, fought against the Japanese and subsequently vanished. Mr Holman's interest is not so much in the motion of a mind as in the facts about this amazing person who got involved with Communists and terrorists and was ultimately (as his brother Richard and Mr Holman discovered) murdered by an envious Temiar tribesman. It is an exciting, unusual story and contains intriguing accounts of the Temiar dream psychology, their magically idyllic version of the Good Life and how Richard Noone wooed the *ulu* (deep-jungle) aborigines away from Communist influence by exploiting his brother's researches. But Mr Holman's phoney Prologue, dramatised in the Biggles idiom, is off-putting; and so are his assiduous reports of involved comings and goings in the jungle.

The Temiar reappear in Mr Slimming's nostalgic album. Fair-skinned, wavy-haired, they

THE KING MUST DIE

Mary Renault

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JOHN DAVENPORT (*Observer*)

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have no ladders, no syphilis, no notion of what the 'Government' might be. They live in long-houses, eat tapioca, hunt with blowpipes, dance to gongs and nose-flutes, and have a cure for diabetes. They are animists, hemmed in by taboos; but Mr Slimming, as Assistant Protector of Aborigines, got very close to them while studying their system of shifting cultivation. The government, preferring to have the Temiar as allies, has had them studied, given medical aid, proper propaganda and beads, and proposes, in the ominous words of Templer, 'when times are happier, to leave them undisturbed'. These attentions may be as fatal to the Temiar as guerrilla warfare itself. And, virtuous ethnographers notwithstanding, one wonders how long the aborigines will preserve such things as dances to placate the spirit of a stillborn child, and the belief that butterflies are the spirits of the dead. These secrets have an obituary sound, sad and unavoidable as that may be.

PAUL WEST

Figures of England

A Survey of Social Conditions in England and Wales. By A. M. CARR-SAUNDERS, D. CARADOG JONES and C. A. MOSER. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

The British common reader is not as statistically minded as he was in the days of Porter's *Progress of the Nation* and the steam intellect society, but the British expert is far more dependent on statistics and collects them in far greater quantity and variety than ever before. Most of them are only seen by, or accessible to, other experts. Fortunately, they are periodically collected together and displayed for the benefit of the relative layman. Carr-Saunders and his co-authors are not the first to have done so for post-war Britain – indeed, their scope is somewhat narrower than that of G. D. H. Cole's *Post-War Condition of Britain* (1956) – but they are the most up to date, and within their limits the most comprehensive. Their nineteen chapters contain an astonishing and admirable amount of information about our demography, education, employment, social and geographical distribution, income, expenditure, property, social security, food, health, leisure, religion and crime. The most captious critic can hardly deny that this book is a remarkably good buy.

Unfortunately, though the modern citizen has become familiar with the proposition that all kinds of things can be expressed in tables of figures or graphs, elementary statistical literacy, being wholly untaught in our schools, is still rare. We all know that figures can behave worse than trick photographs, but few of us know why, and the lay reader therefore oscillates between an uncritical faith and – more usually – an uncritical suspicion. It is difficult to treat statistics in the only safe way, that is with the absolute literalism of a Till Eulenspiegel, but every other way risks disaster. The reader of this or any other book of its kind must therefore have it fixed firmly in his mind that its figures mean exclusively what they say *and no more*. If the census definition of 'social class' is slightly esoteric, it is useless to go to it for information about social class in any other sense, though we may, in despair, try to manipulate the figures this way and that (cf. pp. 115-118). If a table prints figures for two years – say 1938 and 1956 – then we are not to draw any conclusions about intermediate years. If statistics have been collected on a totally unrealistic basis, we cannot make it more realistic by wishing.

To take a particularly lurid example. What we know about personal income is largely based on the income-tax data. But every accountant knows that among the wealthy 'taxable income' is a fiction, even when declared with scrupulous accuracy: an index of the ingenuity of lawyers rather than of the income of tax-payers. Thus the reader who concludes from p. 153 of this book that in 1956 only 500 citizens enjoyed an annual net income of over £6,000, will be greatly puzzled by the fact that the number of people living as though they enjoyed the benefits of such an income without going towards bankruptcy is obviously much larger. Again, a casual glance at Table 11.7 (which compares the distribution of personal incomes in 1938 and 1956) would lead one to suppose, probably correctly, that the inequalities of income distribution have somewhat decreased; at any rate (see p. 176) much more than the inequalities of property distribution. But it does not show that since the end of the Forties, they seem once again to have increased somewhat. The statistics are presented fairly and explained carefully, but the reader must still use them at his own risk.

If he does so – and most of the figures in this book are by no means as slippery as these, at least for non-specialist purposes – he will acquire an unusual amount of instruction and considerable entertainment from them. He will observe – to quote at random – that one third of all households in 1951 lacked a fixed bath, that in the peak year of 1945, 9.3 per cent. of all births were illegitimate, that two-thirds of all households in 1954 possessed liquid assets of less than £100 or none at all, that Cambridge is the least proletarian university, and that of all the professions which university graduates entered, the Churches and commerce attracted the lowest percentage of those with first-class honours (3 per cent.). He will learn that in 1955 almost half the population did not go away for its holidays, that the proportion of fiction issues from public libraries has remained constant at 75 per cent. from 1938/9 to 1955/6 (so much for the 'crisis of the novel'), and that 'club membership was far more common among the working than among the middle class and varied inversely with the standard of education'. He will, in fact, discover a great deal about England and Wales which few except specialists knew before.

He will also, if more zealous, discover in this book a guide to the wide range of specialist sources from which its figures are drawn. One would have to be ungenerous not to be very grateful to the authors for so much, though there is room for disagreement about some of their selections, and more rarely expressed explicit opinions.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

Insight on Shakespeare

The Sovereign Flower. By G. WILSON KNIGHT. *Methuen.* 30*s.*

'This,' Professor Wilson Knight writes in his preface, 'is the last, and likely to remain the last, of my Shakespearian studies.' In fact, the volume is in the main a gathering of papers previously published and not now readily accessible. 'This Sceptred Isle' is a revised version of *The Olive and the Sword*, a pamphlet 'originally designed for the war years'. As a study of Shakespeare's kings and Shakespeare's conception of kingship in its author's mature manner, it will be found to have a value entirely aside from the laudable national purposes for which it was composed. 'The Shakespearian Integrity', reprinted from *The Burning Oracle* of 1939, has particular importance because, in Professor Wilson Knight's own words, 'it serves to show the kind of thing I should have done, had I ever attempted a single discursive study of Shakespeare's total impact'.

Of the essays now printed for the first time much the most interesting is on *All's Well that Ends Well*. This is commonly reckoned rather a poor play, inferior in the group of 'dark comedies' to both *Measure for Measure* and *Troilus and Cressida*. Professor Wilson Knight, however, scarcely views it in this context at all, seeing it as probably a late play, akin to the final romances, and at the same time thematically related to those aspects of the Sonnets (and of *The Phœnix and the Turtle*) which he has lately examined in *The Mutual Flame*. There is certainly much in the play which is amenable to his unique methods of interpretation. Although he reminds us that it was a favourite of Bernard Shaw's, it is scarcely as an early Ann Whitefield that he himself views Helena. 'Femininity paradoxically invading the male prerogative of initiative and action' is of interest not as an all-out effort to find a father for the Superman but as instancing the 'creative bisexuality' which the critic has discovered alike in Shakespeare and in Byron, and which he sees in a significant relationship to the 'spirit-healing' with the exercise of which Helena's story opens. Much of the interpretation here is esoteric, and will have its appeal chiefly to those who have been able to follow with sympathetic understanding the whole difficult evolution of the author's later thought. But on Shakespeare Professor Wilson Knight never writes a page that doesn't hold more perception than many entire books. The study of his work *in extenso* is obligatory upon anybody seriously tackling either the poet or the dramatist today. Such a study will be much helped by the cumulative indexes which Dr Patricia Ball has prepared for the present volume.

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They by no means cut out hard work. To consider 'Death and death-consciousness' it is necessary to make 135 references ('Murder' requires only 37 and 'Suicide' a mere 11). But a little testing suggests that Dr Ball is comprehensive and accurate. She has put in her debt all of us who regard Wilson Knight's as the outstanding Shakespearian criticism of the century.

J. I. M. STEWART

New Novels

The King Must Die. By MARY RENAULT. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

The Confession. By MARIO SOLDATI. Trans. RAYMOND ROSENTHAL. *Deutsch.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Idle On Parade. By WILLIAM CAMP. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

Force Ten. By GEORGE MARTELLI. *Cape.* 15*s.*

Anatomy of a Murder. By ROBERT TRAVER. *Faber.* 16*s.*

The Skinner. By JAY GILBERT. *Hutchinson: New Authors Limited.* 15*s.*

Miss Renault sets herself the most challenging exercises in historical fiction and does them outstandingly well. *The King Must Die*, the story of Theseus told by himself in the first person singular, is a more difficult task than her previous novel, *The Last of the Wine*, a fascinating reconstruction of Athenian life during the Peloponnesian War. Then she had the mass of written history to draw on. For the mythical Attic hero there is legend and archæology. Whether, indeed, a myth is really a suitable subject for naturalistic treatment is doubtful. Nevertheless, within the limitations imposed she has brought off a powerful imaginative *tour de force*.

The treatment is very matter of fact. For Theseus, Miss Renault adopts a straightforward biographical style, sinewy and colloquial. It reminds you inevitably rather of the kind of persona evolved by Robert Graves for presenting classical characters. It may be a little too knowing for a Bronze Age hero, but there are Homeric echoes and Theseus is given a tincture of Odyssean cunning. Miss Renault follows the established legend fairly closely, selecting some parts to linger over and passing over others such as the Procrustes incident. She ensures that Theseus leads a richly erotic life, giving him a year in Eleusis, after his wrestle with Kerkyon, as the sexually athletic consort of the mysterious Queen; he ingeniously escapes the traditional sacrificial fate. The second half of the book is taken up with the Cretan adventure. Theseus and the tribute of Attic youths and maidens take part in the Cretan ritual bull dances. These form Miss Renault's *chef d'oeuvre*; she reconstructs them against their background of Minoan culture with splendid imaginative élan in utterly convincing detail. But the Labyrinth and the Minotaur are sharply factualised to the verge of debunking. The effect, despite the carefully plotted action, is perhaps to liquidate the myth rather than to explain it, which is not quite what we want. The problem of integration involved here is one that Flaubert might perhaps have been able to solve.

Irony at the expense of Roman Catholic seminaries is almost a genre of its own. *The Confession*, little more than a long short story, is an emotional episode in the life of Clemente, a fourteen-year-old pupil at a Jesuit school in Turin, a nervous little fellow whom the Fathers have marked down as promising material for the priesthood. Troubled by erotic dreams of women, he embroiders his confession a little. His confessor gives him such a fright that when, on his seaside holiday, he is again subject to temptations, he dashes off and has a homosexual but, to his mind, guiltless affair with a fisher-boy. Put thus baldly, it may sound less convincing than Signor Soldati makes it seem; even so, the motivation is difficult to accept. For all the nicely detailed setting and the light touches, you cannot help feeling that the final ironic swipe is too crude, that Signor Soldati has, in fact, been pressing. Some more style in the translation might have helped.

Good managers take care that young boxers should not be over-matched for the second fight of their career. The same kind of foresight is needed in choosing the subject of the difficult second novel. Mr Camp has wisely picked one well within his range. *Idle on Parade* is a bright pleasing little caper about the misadventures of James Fanning, a young intellectual who does his national service in a Guards regiment. He is the despair of trained soldiers and sergeant-majors, the most congenitally awkward member of the awkward squad. Nevertheless, he exercises a strange fascination for his platoon commander's fiancée. The mixture of incident is very nicely blended; the writing crisp with a lot of good underdone dialogue. Modelled – perhaps fairly closely – on early Evelyn Waugh, this is a genuinely funny book that reads itself.

The framework of service life also supports *Force Ten* which is a short, rather sad and flat, readable and convincing last-war novel. Its principal character is Selby, a retired, unhappily married, naval commander recalled for the duration. Most of the action takes place at an Amphibious Operations Base in Scotland. Nothing goes right for Selby, and he knows it is never going to. The final operation, a very complicated piece of towing, comes unstuck, and he is drowned in the Bay of Biscay. As a study of a doomed character, this is credible and satisfying.

The boundaries between crime-fiction and the straight novel become increasingly tenuous. Both the next two books belong to the midway category; neither is altogether successful from either point of view. *Anatomy of Murder*, which has been for some mysterious reason a best-seller in America, is a long, carefully documented, trial-story, told in the first person by a Michigan lawyer who is defending an unbalanced client who claims that the man he killed had raped his wife. There is a large cast of characters, and the author, a former Public Prosecutor now a High Court Judge, is a master of every detail of American legal procedure. His writing is rather rugged and prolix; many people will prefer the sprightly courtroom stunting of Perry Mason.

The Skinner is a first novel, begun when its author was nineteen, about juvenile delinquents in a big city. There is a good deal of violence but sensationalism is eschewed, and Liz, the lost girl, does her best to get Scotty to break with Finn, the master-mind. It is told in rather intense, staccato style with copious dialogue and minutely described, often insignificant detail, as if its author had been reading nothing but film scripts.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Week-end Competition

No. 1,491 **Set by Hilbrian**

Samuel Butler amused himself by giving a new twist to familiar sayings. Examples: 'An honest God's the noblest work of man' and 'It's better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all.' The usual prizes are offered for a group of three such inversions. Entries by 30 September.

Result of No. 1,487 **Set by Maurice Cassel**

The usual prizes are offered for the invention of a new mythical deity with an appropriate description. Limit 150 words.

Report

Though the by-ways of Old Olympus were but lightly explored, in New Olympus there was found a formidable array of the Powers of delusion, disillusion and desolation. First *Visua* or *Tele*, thought to be connected with the sprite Ariel and with Ge, the Earth (J. S. Fidgen), the anti-thought deity and god of corn, whose worship is unbroken. The congregation participates only by a rapt contemplation of the Prayer-box and an annual offering of £4, though ITA followers are known to intone voluntarily the AdMass incantations; *Tele* is reputed to endow the faithful with gifts, sometimes after interrogation. Burnt offerings known as 'tubes' are sometimes exacted.

Then there looms large *Futuro* or *Divvi* the presiding genius of commercialised good-fortune (R. Tuck Pook), otherwise *Ur-Ni* whose followers are united by a common bond (N. Gunter). He has a jealous rival in *IT* (the full name Income-Tax is anathema) whose demands may be appeased by sacrifice of a large proportion of earnings, except in the case of actors and prostitutes (Anon). Among minor deities we may note the *Nyads, Usufruct, Cosmetico*, cast-off daughter of Beauty and the Beast, now the familiar spirit of heedless youth and despondent old age (M. Whitfield). *Anon Ineptus*, god of lesser civil servants, has ornate stylised shrines in most cities and is represented by his sacred emblems, the furled rain-stick and the small pottery beverage vessel (R. Edwards). *They*, supernatural beings living in a place called The Government, were discovered by J. Timson, and a statue of the two-faced *Libera* (bearing the inscription *Pro Bonum Carta*) was unearthed by Robert Sharp in North Devon. Other useful finds were made by V. Telfer, L. Udall, P. Veale, E. T. Scheffauer, G. Kendall, R. Till, A. Brodie, J. Sowerby, N. Bone.

Those crowded off the Olympic winners' platform include J. A. Lindon, Pibwob, D. M. Pulsford, J. Munds, leaving the following to share the prize-money: Hilary, M. Dunnett, G. Baker, Simia, D. Butler.

SPOK-SPOK

Then said they, go we and worship unto Spok-Spok, that he may preserve our children from all misfortune, forasmuch as all woes of age be born among the errors of childhood, and the errors of childhood among the foolishness of the parents: yet shall Spok-Spok show us the error of our ways. Now, this Spok-Spok was wonderfully begotten without sin by Peter-pan on the nymph Montisori, and brought to birth on a psychiatrist's couch in Zurich. And it is told how he left his parents' house on his seventh birthday, being refused a seventeenth slice of his own cake, and henceforth went about the world to deliver children from captivity, causing parents to see how they were ever in the wrong and their offspring ever in the right. And his word became law throughout the world, and parents vowed henceforth to give unto their children all that they desired.

HILARY

CHLORINUS

Chlorinus, proud god of Cleanliness, is of humble parentage, being a son of Sanitation (nymph of the waterpipe) by a common plumber. His devotees wrongly lay claim to his kinship with Jehovah.

A possessive and somewhat greedy god, he prefers

houses to open air and hospitals to Olympus. He demands much human sacrifice and where formerly children were accepted as offerings, he has lately shown an appetite for tougher meat and housewives appear often upon his altar. One of these women, finding herself bound and helpless, called upon her patroness Emancipation who, though powerless to quell so great a god as Chlorinus, did invoke a curse upon him; as a result of which he begot, upon the twin nymphs Polythene and Carton, a tribe of scapegrace sons. These demons, commonly called The Litter, shamelessly pursue and torment the cleanly god, bedeck him in tatters and mock his purity.

MARGARET DUNNETT

DIES-EL-PETROLIA

Dies-el-Petrolia, daughter of Zeus and Asphyxia, has her principal shrine at Olympia. She has wings, eyes that glare in the dark and, like a dragon, emits a stench from her back parts. Annually millions of devotees offer her human sacrifices by the ten thousand. She hoots like an owl, screeches like a screech-owl, portending yet another death. Like a foolish virgin she is often out of oil. She is also often out of temper: if her acolytes do not render her the services she demands, she will either run amok, or stand immovable, glowering horribly from her hooded eyes.

She is corrupt; for she can be bought. She is criminal; for she is a ruthless slayer. Dies-el-Petrolia is the forerunner of the *dies irae*.

GEORGE BAKER

NUCLEAREIS

A goddess whose worship became pre-eminent in all nations. Immense temples were heavily fenced and guarded, so sacred that only the specially initiated priests and magicians were allowed inside them, and where complicated and perilous mysteries were performed. In public celebrations images, formed of huge cylinders placed on one another to a great height, were fired at the sky as the climax of the ceremony, each nation trying to raise pieces of its own image higher and further than any other's. The phallic significance is obvious. Her only attribute was almost illimitable power, which could be invoked by the proper rites, and used either for total, irremediable destruction (including possibly that of the users) or for purposes beneficial to human beings, alternatives which depended solely on the various conjurations employed, since the goddess herself was wholly indifferent to humanity, or to the result of the power she granted.

SIMIA

PSEUDALETHEIA

Pseudaletheia, the goddess of half-truth, lives in Limbo, which she never leaves. She sends out her messengers, Panthomos and Anaesthesia, the angels of the generalisation and of apathy. In her name philosophers were once burnt, and are now parodied, misunderstood and ignored. She is the patron goddess of advertising and mass communication. She is depicted as two-headed; each head is Janus, so that she is two-faced in two directions at once. Her first mouth speaks lies about existent topics; her second truths about non-existent topics; her third, ambiguities and platitudes on all topics. Her fourth mouth, the *os politicum*, is destined one day to pronounce the ultimate hypocrisy, but till that day is dumb.

DAVID BUTLER

City Lights

A Room of One's Own

It's not fair to blame the building societies. Owner-occupiers already get a discreet little subsidy from the government and can scarcely expect to pay less than the market price for their mortgages. Nor is there any reason for supposing that the societies—who are not in business to make a profit but exist for the common advantage of lenders, borrowers and managers—deliberately misjudge the state of the market. If the Building Societies Association, despite the pressure of public opinion, is not recommending its members to follow the lead of the Halifax and reduce their price for mortgages, the explanation is familiar and straightforward: charging less to borrowers implies paying less to lenders, and a cut in interest rates might choke off the flow of money and make it even more difficult than it is already to satisfy the demand for mortgages. The managers of building societies, you see, are public-spirited as well as mercenary-minded.

Compromises of this kind, however, are never quite satisfactory. The fact that there is a large unsatisfied demand for mortgages suggests that the building society movement is insufficiently mercenary-minded; the number of middle-class budgets which have been wrecked by sudden changes in the cost of the monthly mortgage repayment suggests that it is only public-spirited within limits. If home-ownership is not to be openly subsidised there is a case for ensuring that the machinery which exists to finance it is as efficient and as cheap as it can be. A number of recent incidents, however, have emphasised the disparity between the friendly society structure of building societies and the enormous sums of money which they handle, while the mutuality principle of equal obligation to lenders and borrowers which regulate their operations is of little use in a situation where borrowers tend to be long-term and lenders short-term. The societies are increasingly concerned not so much to attract fresh money as to ensure that the money already deposited with them is not suddenly withdrawn; even when the time comes, perhaps not very far ahead, when the movement can meet the demand for new mortgages entirely out of old repayments, it will still not be able to insulate itself from the behaviour of short-term interest rates outside.

* * *

The directors of St Martin's le Grand Property Company have obviously been annoyed by the bidders which swarm round them from time to time – particularly the most recent, another property company which holds some 16 per cent. of St Martin's equity and may have been hoping to increase its holding quietly over the months. Wiser than the directors of Standard Motor, they have taken prophylactic measures in good time. St Martins has now acquired a new subsidiary, a company which owns a good deal of money and a lease on a large office building in the City – two of its directors, one from a large group of investment trusts, one from a South African mining finance house, have joined the St Martin's board. To acquire this subsidiary, of course, St Martin's has had to issue new shares of its own – a lot of them. The new block amounts to 18 per cent. of the equity and its issue had reduced the share of the bidder to only about 13 per cent.

* * *

The steady fall in steel output, combined with a sharp drop in premium-priced exports, must be having an unpleasant impact on steel company profits. The industry, in fact, is devoting a little less attention than before to advertising its free enterprise virtues and a good deal more to the possibility of lobbying for a postponement of the current development programme. Circumstances are giving fresh emphasis to the old dilemma, that the country could do with a small surplus of steel-making capacity while profits are highest when there is not enough of it. It is rather amusing that the firms most anxious for a cut in the development programme are those who had to be bribed most heavily to agree to it in the first place. Will they, one wonders, be pressing for a reduction in maximum prices?

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 462. Marathon Endings

Soon now F.I.D.E. will have to change the rule whereby a game is drawn when in 50 consecutive moves no structural change, i.e. no capture or P-move, has occurred; and to call the amendment the *lex Chéron* would indicate the debt of gratitude we all owe that great expert for his infinitely patient and fully comprehensive researches into the nature of the endgame. It is only since the completion of his standard work by the recent appearance of the 3rd vol. that we have all the available facts about the three types of endings that may well require a good many more than 50 moves. Relatively simplest and best known (since Troitzky devoted a great deal of work to it some 50 years ago), is the win to be forced by 2 Kts v K&P, the method, of course, being to use one Kt for blocking the P while the other Kt and the K corner the K and finally employ the blockader-Kt to complete the mating net, thus avoiding the stalemate which, but for the remaining P-moves, would be inevitable. Here—Pierre Bridier, 1952—is a position in which it takes 85 moves (the lengthiest process yet known in this type of ending) to force the mate. /3k3K/Kt7/8/2Kt5/3p4/24/.

Rather more vague and less frequently enforceable is the R&B v R type of ending. Here (Croskill, 1864) is a position in which it takes 50 moves to force the win. /k7/6R1/2K5/8/2B5/16/7r/. And here, to exemplify some of the mechanics, is a fairly simple study by Chéron. /2k5/8/1K1R4/1B6/24/1r7/. A win, whoever moves, Black's predicament being the need to maintain the pin. After (1) . . . R-Kt5, (2) R-B6 ch (followed by R.K6) wins at once. (1) . . . R-Kt7 can be countered by (2) R-Q1. And if White moves he wins by (1) R-Q2!, R-Kt5; (2) R-B2 ch, followed by R-K2; if (1) . . . R-Kt6, (2) R-K2 is decisive since the Black R can no longer be brought to interpose at Q1.

The third type of "Marathon" is White R+Pa2 v Black-square B+Pa3, and here is a relevant position (a study by Chéron) in which it takes 77 moves to force the win. /6K1/8/5b2/1k6/8/p7/P7/4R3/. The method being to contain the K on base-line or QR file by the R on 7th or QKt file respectively. If the White K is too far away to cover his P the win is impossible. Example: /8/5K2/24/p7/Pb4R1/3k4/. (1) K-K6, K-B8; (2) K-Q5, K-Kt8 etc.; or (2) R-Kt1 ch, K-B7 ensures the draw.

A: Cholmov 1949

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position, in which Black played . . . Q-R6 ch. What should White have played to retain good winning chances? And what was the blundering move to give Black an immediate draw? For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B** (a pretty "echo!") and **C** are both wins, the latter; incidentally, a mate in 12. Usual prizes. Entries by 29 September.

B: Henri Rinck 1929

C: C. C. W. Mann

REPORT on No. 459. Set 30 August

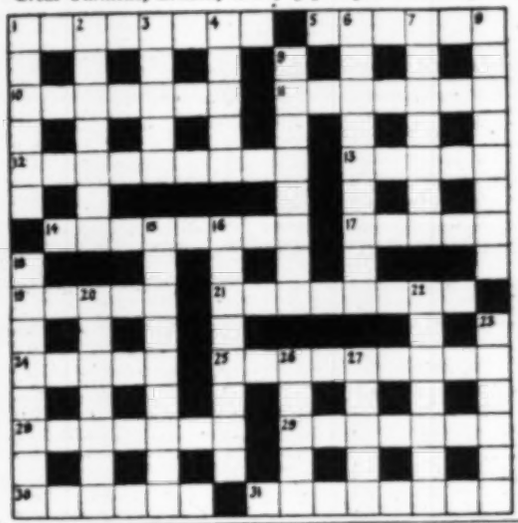
A: (1) . . . B-B4?; (2) Q-Q8 ch, K x Q; (3) B-Kt5 ch, K-K1; (4) R-Q8 ch, K-B2; (5) P-K6 ch etc.
B: (1) P-B7, P-R4!; (2) R-Q4!, R x P (best); (3) R-KB4!, R-Kt6!; (4) R-Kt4!, R-R6!; (5) R-R4, R-Kt6 (forced); (6) R-R3! etc.
C: (1) R-B1, P-Kt7; (2) R-B7!, Kt(P)–Q5; (3) B x P ch, K-Kt1; (4) B-B7 ch, K x B; (5) B x P ch etc.
and the "echo" (2) . . . RP–Q5; (3) B x P ch, K-Kt1; (4) B x P ch, K x B; (5) B x P ch etc.

Many dropped a point or two by failing to see every subtlety of **B**. Prizes shared by R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 321

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 321, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 30 Sept.



ACROSS

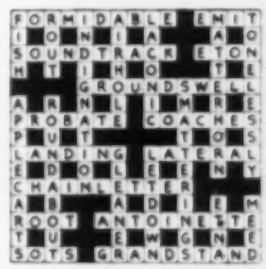
1. Goes up again about a hundred members (8).
5. A large beam exists for a musketeer (6).
10. Potentially steeped in what is most profound (7).
11. Make one turn into a particle (7).
12. Make up a poem about a collector feeling the cold (9).
13. Boring exercise? (5).
14. The map is revised for the sailor (8).
17. Power sounds a puny thing (5).
19. Poet with newspaper contribution unfinished (5).
21. An affair with a queen involving a tory piece of wickedness (8).
24. Excessively present in careful traffic (5).
25. Ill-favoured Greek discovers a woman's place in a back street (9).
28. Figaro's father has to prevent love, but his destiny is reversed therein (7).
29. City which makes an attempt after style (7).
30. Eaters who have a hesitant expression in between rows (6).
31. Shopkeepers who almost have learning in their hands (8).

DOWN

1. Vegetable in a vessel under the sun (6).
2. Nurse like a river? (7).
3. Girl who is in dire need (5).
4. Playwright who starts gambling (5).
6. He sells things and mourns perhaps (9).
7. It is one of teacher's jobs to damage a ruler (7).
8. I make a row up in the animals' home for old age (8).
9. Shows signs of amusement with southern darkies (8).
15. Ceremony with a grim Frenchwoman (9).
16. Hope of advancement has no aim confounded without a restraining influence (8).
18. Cleaned the improvised couch (8).
20. More recent article of the Pope's church (7).
22. If they hadn't got one school subject up, the governors would look fools (7).
23. Politicians like peaks (6).
26. 'Let such teach others who themselves ——' (Pope) (5).
27. Potential catch for a winter sportsman (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 319



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 319
Miss K. G. Potts (Coolham)
Mrs E. Pratt (Shaldon)
F. Scholefield (Hale)

PERSONAL

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WOMAN novelist, cheerful, amusing, owner large country house, seeks à-terre London, would share flat in part change for country wkend accom. Box

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YOUNG blind woman with guide dog, Civil Servant, independent, seeks accomm. in London area. Full or part board. Parties to Mr S. Marcus, 1 Craven Hill, London, W2.

GERMAN girl requires 'au pair' sit. London. U. Fath, 135 Laleham Rd, SE6.

WHO would give elderly lady some Spanish conversation in her home NW? Box 3064.

EDUC. Scottish bus. woman, H'tead, sks spare time lolly. Any old job. Box 2957.

PROVENCE, 7 km. St Tropez. Warm comf. cottage for 4, all conv, tel., low winter rates. Thirty, Gassin (Var), France.

FOSTER-Family required for 7½-year-old boy in urgent need of permanent home (preferably London or East Anglia) where he can 'belong' without having excessive emotional demands made on him. Further particulars from Area 5, LCC Children's Dept, 124/128 Bethnal Green Rd, E2. (1753.)

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LADY, small capital, wishes contact another (or gentleman) view buying two self-contained flats. Genuine, good solicitor. Box 2989.

GARDENER-Handyman (full-time) wanted in doctor's household, Highgate. £6 p.w. Accom. (rent free), s.c., c.h., 2-bedroom cott. No small children. Box 2992.

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FRENCH student teaches French. Moderate fees. Box 3195.

KNOW-HOW means Writing Success for you. No Sales – No Fees tuition. Free year's subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for Writers. You can, also, win one of Two Hundred Prizes in fascinating Competition. Free N.2. 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' from BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

PERSONAL—continued

YNG woman sks attic/basement or congenial home with family/sgle person(s), SW3, 7, 1, or W1. Reas. rent or sec. work offered in exchange. All offers welc. Box 2962.

EX-TEACHER, MA (Oxon), advised by specialist for polio to work at home, seeks offers proof-reading, indexing, editorial reading, remodelling MSS. Special interest 16th & 17th Cent. History, Music. Box 3182.

FRIENDLY, intell. French girl wanted to help in private Day-Nursery. Board & lodging free. Pkt money. Mrs Green, Robinsbury, Smithy Lane, Lower Kingswood, Sy.

SERVICES offered in exch. sep. accom. for [illegible], 3 girls school-age. Box 3079.

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PROVINCIAL intellectual urgently needs quiet bedroom only two nights weekly University terms, NW area. Box 2991.

SUIT artist, large sunny room, semi-furnished, in NW3. For daily occupation only. 30s. per week. Box 3095.

BACH. wants partner (m) with/without capital, seek & run smallish business. Preferably south. Box 2937.

MIDLANDS Bach. (25) sks companion (m), share ints, weekends, hols. Box 2999.

SPAIN. Young man, British, resident Spain since 1954, sks position there or other Spanish-spkg country. Fluent Spanish; French. Type, drive. Wide experience. Esc. refs. Now in London. Please write Box 3076.

YOUNG man (20) working Central London seeks another with whom to seek and share flat. Box 3201.

ACTORS/Actresses wanted for City Amateur Group. Casting now. PUT. 6538.

A SATISFYING long smoke for 1s. 5d. per oz. Try Arnold's Herbal Smoking Mixture. 3 blends & cigarettes. Send 1s. for trial oz. Calabash Sales (NS), 14 Friends Rd, Croydon.

SHOULD incurable sufferers have the right to merciful release? Write Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

FOR Sale: first-class used portable Olivetti Typewriter, opportunity price. Telephone LANGham 8661, ref.: GE.

TAAR. Chess. Please communicate Box 3181.

50–1000 Books at low cost of electric typing. Broadacre Books, Ltd, Morley St, Bradford 7, Yorks.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably 'au pair'. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

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BASIC Symbols: 17-20 Oct. at Brasiers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Autumn Painting & Sketching'.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses' may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

PERSONAL—continued

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ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

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HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving data & fees for our Course & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

PERSONAL—continued

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A.) Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

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WRITE for Profit. Send today for free 24-page booklet, which describes the openings for new writers . . . reveals that you can make extra income by writing, wherever you live . . . shows that RI students have sold work to over 1,750 publications – a record without parallel – and that many earn while learning. Regent Institute (Dept F/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

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N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

CITY OF BATH EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Corsham, Wilts.

Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced men for the post of LECTURER IN ART EDUCATION, which will become vacant in January 1959. The post includes duties as Resident Warden of men students. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary at the above address.

H. W. Brand, Director of Education.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced men and women for the following posts:—

SENIOR CHILDREN'S VISITOR.—Applicants should hold a degree, social science diploma and/or the Home Office Certificate for Child Care Officers, and should have had extensive casework experience. The candidate appointed will be responsible for supervising casework in an area of the city. Salary in accordance with Grade APT II, £725–£845 p.a.

CHILDREN'S VISITORS.—Vacancies due to increased establishment. Applicants should hold University degree or qualification in social science and/or the Home Office Certificate for Child Care Officers. Salary in accordance with Grade APT I, £575 × £30–£725, plus £20 temporary excess rate. Commencing salary not less than £635 plus £20. Additional increment for Child Care Certificate.

Further particulars from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham 3. P.O. Box 93. Closing date for applications—Monday, 29 September 1958.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

RE-ADVERTISEMENT

ADOPTIONS ASSISTANT

Applications for the post of Adoptions Assistant in the Investigation Section of the Children's Department are invited from men and women holding either a Certificate in Child Care, Social Science Certificate, Degree in Social Administration or Intermediate Administrative Examination of LGEB. Experience in adoption casework or adoption administration desirable. Salary within scale APTI (£575-£725) according to experience. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience and the names of three referees should be made to the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham.

A. R. DAVIS,
Clerk of the County Council.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker

Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons. In the first instance, the person appointed will work:

(a) Amongst the under-fives and infant school population, and explore the field for "preventive Child Guidance";

(b) As Psychiatric Social Worker in an experiment in the out-patient treatment and domiciliary care of the mentally ill, which will be run in conjunction with a Psychiatrist from a Mental Hospital serving one of the New Towns in this County.

Application forms and further particulars from the County Medical Officer, County Hall, Hertford. (Quote NS when applying)

MATRON for small home of 14 children age 9-15 in Chiswick. Jewish Board of Guardians seeks suitable married couple of the Jewish Faith. Husband to follow own occupation. Domestic Staff provided. Apply: Secretary (W.60), 74a Charlotte Street, W1.

NATIONAL Secretary (male) required by well-known Society. Administrative experience and ability essential; musical and literary interests an advantage. Moderate but progressive salary, pension scheme. Write fully Box 3186.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY
FOR
MANAGING DIRECTOR

A lady with pleasant and effective personality is required for this vacancy. Must have good educational background and be a competent shorthand-typist. Age 23-35 years. Very good salary and pleasant office accommodation. 5 day week. Write or telephone Personnel Office, British Schering Limited, 229 Kensington High Street, London, W8. WEStern 8111.

Walruses know when the time has arrived for discussion
And decision—to step into St Stephen's and seek
A post high in the scale of perfection, beginning next week.

We welcome humans too—capable women secretaries especially.

THE ST. STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT,
3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2:
316, Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

SOCIAL Development Officer to Welwyn Garden City and Hatfield New Towns to take charge of Department. Applicants should have experience in youth work, social service, recreational clubs, tenant welfare with administrative ability and vision to forecast social needs of towns. Public relations experience desirable. Academic or professional qualification important but not essential. Salary according to experience but probably within £1,568–£1,796 grade. Post pensionable but not permanent. Applicants should state age, present position, education, qualifications and names of three referees who could be approached, by 30 September, 1958, to The General Manager, 4 Wigmores South, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

NORTHERN Polytechnic, Holloway, London, N7. The Governing Body invites applications for appointment as Principal of the Northern Polytechnic. Candidates should possess high academic qualifications and appropriate educational and administrative experience. Salary scale—£2,350 rising by annual increments of £100 to £2,650 per annum, plus London Allowance. Duties will commence on 1 September, 1959, or such earlier date as may be agreed. The Northern Polytechnic is a major Regional Technical College. To meet current needs and to provide for future development, a large site adjacent to the Polytechnic is now being acquired for a substantial extension. Form of application together with full particulars, will be forwarded on request, and should be returned to me, duly completed, not later than 31 October, 1958. R. H. Currell, ACA, Clerk.

MINISTRY of Supply Research and Development Establishments, mainly in southern half of England, require (a) Senior Scientific Officers (min. age 26) and (b) Scientific Officers for work in Physics, electronics, electrical or mechanical engineering, applied mathematics, aerodynamics, chemistry or metallurgy. 1st or 2nd class hons. Degree or equiv. required and for SSO at least 3 years' post graduate experience. Starting salary in range (a) £1,130-£1,330, (b) £595-£1,050 (male, in provinces). Rates for women reaching equality in 1961. Superannuation under FSSU. Opportunity for those under 32 to compete for established posts. Candidates should indicate fields of work in which interested. At National Gas Turbine Establishment, Pyestock, Hants, houses available for letting to married staff, and opportunities for new graduates to have workshop training. Forms from MLNS Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1 (quote A.300/8A).

LONDON County Council. Senior Inspector of Physical Education (man) required. Duties to include organising, inspecting and advising upon all forms of physical education for boys and men in educational establishments maintained or assisted by the Council, and responsibility for the College of Physical Education and the general co-ordination of the work of the physical education inspectorate. Salary £2,150 × £100–£2,450, commencing salary above the minimum if appropriate. Application form PE/A with full details from the Education Office (EO/Estab. 2/P), the County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 26 September, 1958. (1624)

HOUSEFATHER (Resident) required at a small country home near Woking, Surrey, for the special care of 14 healthy wayward boys (aged 11-15); experience and/or training in comparable work essential incl. planning spare-time hobbies, handicrafts and organising sports. Salary £475 × £15—£550 less £128 8s p.a. for board, lodging, etc.; single accommodation; 4 weeks' annual leave. Application form and further details from Children's Officer (CH/G3/1674), LCC, The County Hall, London, SE1.

ASSISTANTS with some knowledge of crafts required for handicrafts showroom. Congenial surroundings and good prospects. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Great Russell St, WC1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland, Senior Lecturership in Education. Applications are invited for the above post. Applicants should have a degree in Mathematics and be prepared to lecture in methods of teaching Mathematics and Chemistry or Physics at the secondary level. Secondary school teaching experience is essential. Salary £A2160–£A2510 per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 26 September, 1958.

WELSH-speaking lecturer required, man or woman, preferably qualified teacher speaking in schools in Wales on the humane treatment of animals. Commencing salary would be from £475 to £600 per annum, according to experience and qualifications, rising to a maximum of £800 by annual increments of £25. Candidates should be under 45 years of age and be prepared to travel about the country. A car would be provided, and expenses paid when away from home. Apply by letter only stating when available to RSPCA, 105 Jermyn Street, London, SW1, top left-hand corner of envelope to be clearly marked 'Lecturer'.

ESSEX. Child Psychotherapists required at Harlow and Romford Child Guidance Clinics, up to five sessions a week at each clinic. Sessional fee £2 12s. 6d. plus travelling expenses from home to clinic. Consideration would be given to applications for full-time employment between the clinics, Soulbury II salary. Further particulars and application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

FAMILY Service Units have vacancies, resident and non-resident, for three family caseworkers, men or women, for the extension of their work with problem families in London and several provincial cities. Preference will be given to applicants with social science training and previous experience of social work. Non-resident salaries £525/25/£700; Children's allowances, pension scheme. Also vacancies for two senior workers with advanced qualifications and suitable experience preferably in mental health work. Salaries from £625 to £820. Write to Secretary, FSU, 25 St Mary's Grove, N1.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Welfare Dept. Reqd in areas of Middlesex for services to severely handicapped persons other than blind. (a) Home Work Organisers to seek work from commercial concerns for handicapped persons at home or at a Centre & to assist with & to supervise work generally. Car desirable, allowance considered. Salary Apt. I £605-£755 p.a. (if 26 yrs or over). (b) Welfare Visitors to provide or arrange general welfare services for such persons. Salary, accdg to age & quals, etc. APT I £605-£755 p.a. or Misc. III £535-£595 p.a. (if 26 yrs or over). All posts pensionable, subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Apply for further partics. to Chief Welfare Officer, 1 Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, Dartmouth St, SW1, by 27 September. (Quote Y.228, NS). Canvassing disqualifies.

LONDON County Council. Children's Department. Deputy Warden (Woman) required at a London (NW5) hostel for 10 working girls (aged 15-18) in the care of the Council. Applicants must have genuine interest in work with adolescent girls, be able to secure their co-operation and confidence and help with their recreational and home-making activities. Approved qualifications (e.g., Home Office Residential Child Care Certificate) and previous comparable experience an advantage. Salary: £505-£577 10s p.a. by annual increments, less £128 8s p.a. for board, lodging and laundry. Single furnished bedroom. Four weeks' annual leave (including Bank Holidays). Further details and application form from Children's Officer (Ref. CH/G3/1689), LCC, The County Hall, London, SE1.

MARRIED couples required to take charge of cottages accommodating 22 children aged 2 to 15 in grouped children's home in Essex. Wife's salary £475–£550 plus £25 a year for Home Office Certificate. Husband receives free board etc. in return for duties with children in evenings and week-ends whilst following own occupation during day. Home is within easy reach of London, Dagenham, etc. Charge of £128 8s. for wife's year board etc. Experience or training in child care work essential for wife, but not for husband. Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/1461), London County Council, County Hall, SE1.

WANTED in September, house-mistress for a group of children aged 9 to 11 years. Must be interested in the problems of deprived children and be prepared to take an active share in communal life. Preference given to those with experience in the care of children or holding the Home Office Central Training Council Certificate. Salary £250 to £300 resident. Usual school holidays. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Ashford, Kent.

SECRETARIAL Assistant required by International Sociological Association from November. Shorthand-typing, simple book-keeping, good French. Opportunity to travel. Starting salary in range £500-£600 according to qualifications and experience. Apply in writing to Secretary, ISA, 13 Endsleigh Street, London, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL Library of Scotland: Department of Printed Books. (a) Assistant Keeper—1 post; (b) Research Assistants—2 posts. Pensionable posts in Edinburgh for men or women at least 21 and normally under 26 on 1.8.58; extension for Forces service, HM Overseas civil service or established civil service. Qualifications: (a) 1st or 2nd class honours or postgraduate degree; knowledge of Scottish literature and history not essential but an advantage. (b) Arts degree and preferably knowledge of foreign language. A degree including Geography and Cartography would be an advantage for one post either (a) or (b). Men's starting salary in Edinburgh (a) £615 (or higher) rising to £875. (b) £494 (at 21) to £665 (26 or over). Maximum £825. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for applic. form, quoting 4888/58. Closing date 25 Sept. 1958.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Child Care Officers. Applications invited from women for appointment as Child Care Officers, APTDI, in Children's Department. Salary not less than £635 for suitably qualified candidates. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a university diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Scheme of Conditions of Service for APT and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, by 30 September, 1958. Canvassing forbidden.

SURREY Education Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for appointment as Vocational Guidance Officer to assist in advisory work for older school leavers. Candidates should possess university degree. Experience of youth employment work or in teaching older pupils desirable. Salary, APT Division II—III i.e., £725 × £30/£35 to £1,025 per annum plus London allowance. Commencing salary according to experience and qualifications. Further particulars and application form obtainable by sending stamped addressed envelope to Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston upon Thames. Applications to be returned by 26 September, 1958.

MARLBOROUGH Day Hospital, 38 Marlborough Place, London, NW8. Qualified Psychiatric Social Worker required, for work in adult and children's departments. Salary on Whitley Scale. Detailed applications, with names of two referees, to Medical Director immediately.

HOUSEMOTHER required spastic residential centre, good living conditions. Full social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd, Croydon. ADD. 2310.

ASSOCIATION of Teachers in Colleges and Departments of Education requires two members of clerical staff with initiative and able to take responsibility. Typing essential, shorthand an advantage. Good conditions. Further information on application to the Secretary, 53a Brewer Street, London, W1.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for psychological research. Good speeds essential and French and/or German useful but not essential. Salary £450-£500 according to experience and qualifications. Possible increased responsibility later for right person. Applications, giving full particulars and names of two referees, to Box 3153.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typist (unmarried) required for office of College of Advanced Technology. Permanent: pensionable: generous holidays. School Certificate or equivalent. Good typing essential. Scale: £8 10s. at 23, £10 14s. 6d. at 30 or over, rising eventually to £13 6s 6d. Apply by letter with full particulars of experience, to the Secretary, Northampton College, St John Street, London, EC1. (Near Angel Station.)

NORTH Kensington Marriage Welfare Centre requires intelligent married woman aged 35-45 for interesting Social Work. Typing essential. Starting salary £425. 4½ days and Thursday evenings. Write giving full particulars of previous experience to Secretary, 12, Telford Road, W10.

EDUCATED young man with office experience and knowledge of typing required for export department of West End Art Publishers. HYDe Park 3116 or write Box 3200.

SEC. 23/35, cttee work, own correspondence for prof. socy. Sal. to £600. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

ENGLISH young lady with some knowledge of Spanish language required for part-time secretarial work. 10s per hour. Write in Spanish to Box 3078.

DESIGN Research Unit has 2 interesting vacancies for expd. secretaries to Senior Architects and Senior Designers. Apply in writing to Bus. Manager, 37 Duke St, W1.

INVOICE typist, with shorthand, reqd for occasional evenings & Sats. Box 3062.

W. End Coffee House reqs counter-hands (M or F), full- or part-time. Box 3057.

CASHIER/Book-keeper for West End Coffee House. Box 3058.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ARTIST designer, in advertising, would like to turn experience to account. Capable (to a degree) of subordinating himself to a good idea – own or others. Box 3106.

YOUNG successful sales and export executive (31), excellent contacts and experience in Scandinavian markets, fluent Swedish, some German. Chemical, technical and textile background. Seeks a new challenging post, with good prospects for a man with initiative, drive and commercial experience. Present position director of old-established Manchester export house. Write Box 3161.

EDINBURGH: homeless bride (20), experienced nurse invalid & healthy children, urg. reqs post from 20 Sept. to join student husband. Accom. for husband acceptable as pt salary. Qualifs. also suitable doctor's or dentist's receptionist. Hunter, Glenonhor, Kishorn, Strathcarron, Ross-shire.

YOUNG woman, 25, good education, National Diploma in Dairying, 4 yrs' farm exper., seeks change from practical farming. A post holding interest and responsibility, reas. near London preferred. Willing to train. Suggestions welcomed. Box 3082.

MARRIED Woman seeks part-time post. School / college / private. Sh. / typing. Social study diploma. NW London. SPE. 9279.

GERMAN, Ital., French, energy, initiative, travel office exp. Austrian girl soon acquiring British nat. sks post. Box 3097.

STUDENT unspoiled by classics education waiting 2 years before going to Oxford, seeks interesting post; very willing to travel, has hospital exp. David McCormick, 3 Desford Close, Heathfield, Nottingham.

MALE, 20, College Oct. '59, sks job anywhere. Able type, own car. Box 3204.

SCHOOLMASTER, 30, graduate, honours French, German; likes teaching but cannot afford it; seeks more remunerative post: anything considered. Box 3008.

DISCRIMINATING Employers seeking office staff of either sex are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

WINTER SPORTS 1958/9

Our illustrated Winter Sports booklet has just come out! Write for a free copy! You will have a choice between inexpensive, all-inclusive party or individual arrangements, special arrangements for keen skiers including Skier Air Charter holidays with 15 nights at the resort, family and young people's parties.

Free holiday offer to organisers of private parties.

ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

1958/59 Winter Sports by Air. Centres at Hochsölden, Galtür, St Johann in Tirol, Seefeld and other popular resorts. Air transport cuts down travelling time and gives more time on the snow. Inclusive cost for air travel and a complete fortnight's hotel accommodation and full board in Austria, 31 to 38 guineas according to date and centre chosen. Write for brochure to Wings Limited, 48(H) Park Road, NW1, Telephone AMB. 1001.

WINTER Sunshine. Winter Sports by Air. Christmas in Majorca by air, 28 gns. Free brochure: Bon Viveur Holidays, Knightsbridge Station Arcade West, SW3. KNI. 9788.

SCHOOLS

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and Girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & Sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford. 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

FOOD AND DRINK

IT'S an old Spanish custom (and an English one, too) to drink and serve Amontillado sherry. Perfect choice is El Cid. That's the Amontillado with the authentic Spanish flavour the English like.

BURGUNDY. A very special offer of 2 fine vintage wines at remarkably low prices. Chateauneuf du Pape 1953 96s. per dozen. Chablis 1954 96s. per dozen. These excellent wines were shipped by Ch. de Latour et Cie., and there is only a limited quantity available. Wine Traders Ltd, Dominion House, Bartholomew Close, London, EC1. MON. 8107.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 386

ATTINGHAM PARK
The Shropshire Adult College

Programme of autumn activities now available, including week-end courses:—
17 to 19 Oct.—Aspects of American Life, Literature and Music.
24 to 26 Oct.—How to Listen to Music—Brahms' Symphony No. 4.
24 to 26 Oct.—Background to Modern France.
31 Oct. to 2 Nov.—Fanfare for Elizabeth I.
31 Oct. to 2 Nov.—The Elizabethan Madrigal.
Enquiries to The Warden, Attingham Park, Shrewsbury.

FIRST AID
HOMOEOPATHY
in Home, School and Factory
LCC Course by doctors at St Marylebone Literary Institute
Thursday 6.30-8.30
Commencing 25 September, 1958
Full year's course 21s.
British Homoeopathic Association, 27a Devonshire Street, London, W1. Tel.: WELbeck 2163.

NATIONAL Preparatory Conference for the 7th World Festival of Youth and Students, Vienna 1959. The British Youth Festival Committee invites all organisations interested in taking part or that want to know more about the next World Youth Festival to send representatives to this National Conference, Sunday, 19 October 1958, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, London, WC2. Inquiries to Secretary, BYFC, 351 Goswell Rd, London, EC1.

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1, New session opens 22 Sept. Evening lectures and classes: Economics, Statistics, Current Affairs, Archaeology, History of London, English Language & Literature, Philosophy, Psychology, Sociology, Comparative Religion, Science (inc. Photography, Microscopy, Ornithology, Astronomy, Gardening), Music (Choirs, Orchestras, Recorders, Individual Tuition, Theory, Appreciation, etc.), Drawing & Painting, Modelling, Wood-Carving, Bookbinding, Italic Handwriting, Foreign Languages, Fencing, Ballet & Folk Dancing, Physical Training, Chess, Theatre School, Opera Group, Social & Athletic Clubs, Library, Common & Games Rooms, Sports Ground. Fees from 21s 6d. a year. Details from Secretary (WAT. 6872).

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

FRENCH. Conversation Courses for Beginners. Discussion groups. Private lessons. Correspondence Courses. Full-time Day Course for GCE (London and Oxford). The Mentor, 11 Charing X Rd, WC2. TRA. 2044.

ST JAMES' Academy, 233 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive full/part-time Secretarial Courses start 29 Sept. Small groups. Remarkable results. Also Modern Language Courses & English for Continentals.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, 13 October to 3 December. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, SW7. (KNIghtsbridge 6833.)

RUSSIAN: classes for beginners, scientists, conversation; enrolment 15-29 Sept. Details: Sec., SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

GERMAN Convers., modern Play Reading, Causerie, Miss Mautner, Marylebone Lit. Inst., 248 Marylebone Rd, NW1. Fri. 6.30-8.30 p.m. from 26 Sept. 21s. per year.

GERMAN taught by native teacher; modern method; mod. terms. NW2. GLA. 5364.

FRENCH (Sorbonne). Beginners and Advanced. Mrs Chanda, HAM. 7322.

ECOLE de Français – for Modern Conversation Courses 283 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6524.

THE first Mensendieck Training School for Special Physio-Therapy will be opened mid-October. Only 2 vacancies left. Apply to: Mrs Harriet Nyemann, 11 Connaught Square, London, W2.

GUILD of Amateur Drama Producers' annual Play-Production Course. Syllabus from Lionel Johnson, 270 Conisborough Crescent, SE6. HIT. 1925.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Lechetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

EXPERIENCED singer, SW London, has vacancies for pupils in voice production and interpretation in English, French, German, Italian songs, arias, oratorio. Special attention to diction, beginners & those with vocal difficulties. Box 3227.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

POTTERY Evening Classes, Sept. Details: Tel. Shepherds Well Pottery, SW1. 2900.

HAVE you a Grasshopper Mind? A mind that nibbles at everything and masters nothing. Pelmanism will enable you to concentrate and develop your mental powers generally. Write for a free copy of 'The Science of Success', which describes the Course. Pelman Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St, London, W1. WEL. 1411.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

ART Classes. Learn to express yourself and relax in informal atmosphere. Fine Studio. French Atelier.tuition. Box 2767.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginners' crse, all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn St, WC2. COV. 0754.

WHERE TO STAY

BOURNEMOUTH. Hinton Wood Hotel, East Overcliff. The small hotel in 2 acres of gardens and woodland right on the sea front. Catering especially for families with small children and babies. All facilities including nightly baby minding. Vacancies from 20 September. 10½ gns. per week. Brochure from Major J. Gilbert. Ph. Bournemouth 5936.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns. Putting green. Garages. Superlative food. Mid-Sept. onwards 9 gns.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

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INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

HAMPSTEAD: nr Tube & Heath. Contemp. b/s., h & c. Linen, heat, &c. inc. Lim. cook. facs. £15 monthly. Box 3226.

HAMPSTEAD. Comfortable accommodation for 2 or 3 young ladies. Lovely rooms. Good food. HAM. 8186.

HAMPSTEAD. Pleas., large b.s. to let, gd ckg fac., share bthrm. 3 gns. Nr buses, heath. Young household. GUL. 5359.

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KENSINGTON. Room, own basin, meals offered by lively Anglo-French family. £3 15s. to girl willing to help mother mornings from 9 to 10. Box 3059.

ROOMS £2 10s. to 4 gns. inclusive in Maida Vale flat. Hammond. CUN. 4072.

BLOOMSBURY. S/c. furnished flat, 3 rooms, for 2 friends. £4. Box 3080.

BACHELOR offers share mod. East Finchley home. Food and services, resident housekeeper. Approx. £8 10s. p.w. Box 3141.

B/S & kit./dining-room. Share in co-operative household, low rent. Furn. or unfurn. Hampstead. Box 2990.

CHARMING furn. rm (NW2), c.h. & every mod. conven., with partial board, offered free to lady student in exchange half-day housework, easy labour-saving house. Write fully Box Z.M.421, Deacon's Advertising, 36 Leadenhall Street, EC3.

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FURN. flatlet, sep. entrance and w.c., share bath; suit 2. 50s. p.w. each including linen & cleaning. GUL. 6288.

PLEASANT bed-sitting room Belsize Park, h. & c., etc., for young lady. 2½ gns. Please write Box 3219.

LARGE bedsit., private residence. Use large kit., phone, garden. Central. With service and etcs., £3 3s. Box 3223.

SURREY, 2 rms etc., 25s. plus help 2 boys; suit couple, baby. Box 3221.

SUSSEX – tiny cottage: sleep 5; peaceful but accessible, all modernisations. Available Oct.-Feb. 5 gns. weekly o.n.o. Box 3187.

HASLEMERE (1 hr W'loo). Attractive single furn. 1-room flat with modern kitchen, beautiful situation, 50s. Box 3202.

FLATLETS in Country House by Devon beach; elec light, gas cook., hot water; 4 gns per week. Sept.-March. S.a.e. for brochure: Duncsn, Welcombe, Bideford.

CORNWALL (Marazion), s/c flat, furnished, overlooks Mount's Bay, equipped 5. Nr buses, shops. Oct.-March. Box 3178.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

PROF. gardener, art stud., 25 (f.), needs fur./unf. rm N. Lon. retn/part retn care gdn. Baby-sit? Plumb, 54 St. Pauls Rd, N1.

PROF. woman reqs comf., quiet room or rooms unshared ckng facs, City, Holborn, Bloomsbury, Islington, Westminster. Box 3044

UNIV. lecturer (m) reqs room, cooking facs (separate kit. pref.), within 6 miles centre; reasonable; permanent. Box 2947.

BUS woman sks unf. accom., anything considered. Assist repairs, etc. Box 3031.

MALE Scientist (25) bias art, lit., soc., desires share flat (some furn. avail.)/rent furn. flat, NW London. Box 3130.

TWO business women seek part-furnished flat, Kensington. Box 3125.

SIMPATICO hse/flat w. rm for girl tired of idiots/landladies. WC1/W2? Box 3094.

BY Univ. lecturer, s/c flat, London, NW, or near. CUN. 1747. 4 Alma House, Alma Square, NW8.

CEYLON couple req. furn flat or bedrm, sitting-rm, sep. kitchen, b., t. NW area, close Tube. By mid-Oct. Box 3214.

SINGLE businessman seeks accom. in Central London, W1 or 2 preferred, from 1 November. Own kitchen & bathroom an advantage. Please write to Box 3230.

WANTED urgently by Indian lady with two small children: large dble rm with cooking facilities or flatlet. Easy reach Chelsea Town Hall, up to 4½ gns. Box 3049.

ARCH. student, 20, wants share-flat with 2 sim. Big room, some furn. Box 3163.

PROPERTIES TO LET

SOMERSET. Furn. cott. Linen. 3 dble bed., 30 ft. lounge. C.h., e.h.w., gdn. Longish let. Ideal writer. No children. Box 3149.

USK Valley: simply-furn. country cottage to let October-June; 2-3 bedrooms, all-electric, modern drainage; 'phone; garden; hourly bus nearby; £2 weekly 'Phone Nantyderry 210 or write Maisie Birmingham, Porthgwyn, Goytre, Pontypool.

FURNISHED cottage, Snowdonia, for £1 per week, suitable writer, artist, or for weekends. Vacant October to March. Electricity, water. Box 2998.

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FREEHOLD cottage for conversion overlooking charming village green, 40 miles London, by auction in October, or privately beforehand. Details from Chas. J. Parris & Quirk, Tunbridge Wells (Tel. 272).

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of September Plebs: 'Labour Myths and Labour History', by A. L. Williams; 'Norway – Labour's Northern Stronghold', by J. P. M. Millar; 'The Trade Unions and European Free Trade', by Charles Ford; 'What Next in the Social Services?', by Dr W. McLaine; 'Britain's Patchy Recession', by George F. Thomason; 'This Wicked World', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Plums from the Press'; 'New Books'; 'News of the Movement'; Plebs is 6d. by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. a year, from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

'SALUTE to Paul Robeson', by William Gallacher; 'Labour's Education Policy', by Brian Simon; 'Flight From the Summit', by Quaestor. In Labour Monthly. Post free 1s. 8d., or 9s. half-yearly from Dept. NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N3.

'YOUR book caused great interest and gave me much pleasure', wrote the Director the Ermitage Museum, Leningrad, about 'Nudes of Jean Straker'. It's £2 4s. 6d. pp. Or a descriptive leaflet will be sent for a stamped envelope. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Square, W1.

THE Interplanetary Exploration Society – a new international group of Natural Philosophers. For details, read October's 'Astounding Science Fiction', 1s 9d. from newsagents or 2s. by post from Atlas Pub. & Duplicating Co. Ltd, 18 Bride Lane, EC4.

'THE Linguist', the language monthly for experts and intelligent beginners. 17s. yearly. Spec. copy 1s. 3d. from The Linguist (N.S.), 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop. W6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

MOUNTAINEERING: Books, prints, maps. Secondhand. Send for lists. Clyngton Books, Seaford, Sussex.

HORIZON: 65 odd copies Vols 1 to 20. What offers? Box 2665

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ROYAL Court. 8. S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30. Shaw's Major Barbara. Ends 27 Sept.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Wally Pone', musical. Fri.-Sun. 7.45. Mems. Last week.

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
Saturday, 4 Oct., at 3
John Coast Ltd. presents
Only London Appearance of

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Tkts: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. from Hall (WAT. 3191) & Agents.

JOHN Blow. Concert on the 250th anniversary of his death, Wednesday, 1 October, 7.30, Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Soloists: Deller, English, Platt, Whitworth. Orchestra, chorus, cond. Walter Bergmann. Tickets 3s. 6d. from registrar or at the door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), H. G. Clouzot's 'The Picasso Mystery' (U).

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until 21 Sept. 'Amici Per la Pe'le' (U). From 22 Sept., Fernandel in 'L'Auberge Rouge' (X), Jiri Trnka's Puppets (U).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. Wk c. 21 Sept. 7 days. Richd Attenborough, 'Brothers in Law' U. Jack Hawkins, 'Front Page Story.' A.

LEWISHAM Film Soc. RAV. 2461. Town Hall, Catford. Thurs. 25 Sept. 7.45. 'Kanal.' Guests 3s.

'WE Met in Moscow.' The British Youth Festival Committee present The British Première of Colour Feature Film of the World Youth Festival, 1957, Wednesday, 1 October, 7.30 p.m. Islington Town Hall, Upper Street, London, N1. Also songs by Ewan McColl and artists from the Ballads and Blues Association. Tickets 1s at door (open 7 pm) or from BYFC, 351 Goswell Road, London, EC1, with stamped addressed envelope.

MUSIC and Arts in Hampstead. Display Evening to be opened by Gerard Hoffnung on 26 September at 8 p.m. at the Hampstead Town Hall. Admission Free.

ROYALTY. Sun. 21 Sept. 7-10. Dancing. Lic. Bar. Bull & Mouth, 31 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. Adm. 5s. inc. refreshments.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sat. 20 Sept. 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Josef Herman: Paintings and Drawings.

THE Waddington Galleries. Daryl Hill: Recent Paintings. Kenneth Mahood: Gouaches. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED'S new reproduction, Marquet's Le Port d'Audierne, £3 plus tax 8s. 7d. from all good printshops or 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Language of the Wall: Parisian graffiti photographed by Brassaï, 26 Sept. to 25 Oct. Adm 1s., members free. Weekdays 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Closed Sundays. Private View for members, 8.30 p.m., Thursday, 25 Sept. Opener: Roland Penrose.

'WOMAN in Her Various Moods and Guises'. Exhibition of Paintings by Maurice Man. Open Mondays to Saturdays 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. from 22 Sept. to 4 Oct. (130) Kensington High Street Art Gallery.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Closes 28 September. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

TRENDS in Contemporary Dutch Art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 11 October. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s. (admits also to David Bomberg).

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. 15-27 Sept. Paintings by Norman Checketts, Marjorie Lance. Sculpture by George Fullard, Anne Howse, Joan Moore, John Plumb, Mahrenholz, Rasmussen. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. MAY. 4419.

RECENT paintings by Leslie Dyer at Everyman Cinema, Hampstead. HAM. 1525. Daily from 1 Sept.-4 Oct.

GALLERY One (GERrard 3529). African Batiks by Susanne Wenger.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Continuation of Summer Exhibition 1958 and Original Drawings & Lithographs by Denis Mathews for 'A Book of Burgundy'. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 25 Sept.

DAVID Bomberg. Arts Council Gallery, 4, St. James's Square, SW1. Till 4 October. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; admission 1s. (admits also to Trends in Contemporary Dutch Art).

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, organised by the 'Sunday Pictorial'. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, London, W1. Daily (except Sundays) 10 to 7. Admission 1s., children (under 16) 6d. Until 30 September.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1 XIX & XX Century European Masters Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-12.30.

BRIGHTON, Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and private apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: 9-19 Sept. Daily 11-6, Suns 2-6. Closed Mons (Adjoins Aldgate East Stn). Preview: Recent Paintings by Seven British Artists. Exhibition organised by the British Council to tour Australian State Galleries in 1959.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Crozier, Irvine, Moshe Tamir. 22 Sept.-11 Oct. Daily 10-6; Sats 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture, Wed. 24 Sep., 6.30 sharp, 'In Search of Buddhism.' Colin Wyatt (just returned from mountaineering and meditating in Nepal and Burma). Also Saturday Group (readings, discussion, tea - open to all) 27 Sep. 3 p.m. Buddhism teaches the origin and cure of suffering. Read 'The Middle Way', leading Buddhist journal in West, 2s. 10d. quarterly, post free. Information TAT. 1313.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture. Sunday 21 Sept., 8 p.m. 'The True Destiny of Man'.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Wed. 24 Sept. 'The Nature of Causality'. Admission free.

SHAW Society: Reading from 'Unfinished Novel'; also talk by Dan Laurence, bibliographer of Shaw & James, 7 Albemarle St, W1, 19 Sept. 7 p.m. Non-mems 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BAOSF and East Midlands Region of Labour Party. Symposium on Race Relations. Trades Hall, Thurland Street, Nottingham. J. Harrison MP, C. L. Chowdhary, Dr David Pitt and H. W. Crane, NUGMW. Sunday, 21 September 2.30 p.m. Tea 3s. 6d.

VICTORY for Socialism: Emergency Meeting on Racial Conflict at Holborn Hall, 24 September, 7.30. Speakers: Edrich Connor, Harold Davies, MP, Maurice Orbach, MP, Dr David Pitt.

'NO War With China.' The British Peace Committee jointly with the Ex-Service Movement for Peace - Rally, Hyde Park, Sunday, 21 Sept., 4 p.m.

SHOW your detestation of Racial Violence! Demonstrate your desire to end Racial Discrimination! Meeting at St Pancras Town Hall, Mon. 29 Sept., 7.30. Speakers to be announced. Org. by National Council for Civil Liberties, 293 New King's Rd, SW6.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'British Trade Unionism Now', Michael Shanks at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1, Wed. 24 Sept. 7.30 p.m. Visitors 2s.

PUSKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W11. (PARk 7696). Fri. 19 Sept., no meeting; Russian Class as usual. Fri. 26 Sept., 8 p.m., John Lawrence: 'Church and Soviet Youth', Father Hugh & Rev. Mark Tweedie: 'Monastic Life in Russia Today' (film). Russian Classes: Beginners, Intermediate, Advanced - Monday, Wednesday, Friday. For information apply 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11.

ENCORE invites you to a discussion of 'The Garden District', by Tennessee Williams, led by Peter Hall, Ellen Pollock, Charles Marowitz, at 7.30 p.m. Wed., 8 Oct., at Shaftesbury Hotel, WC2.

'COMMITMENT and the novel': Jack Lindsay, Emanuel Litvinoff, Jon Silkin, Ben Uri Literary Circle, Sun. 21 Sept. 8 p.m., 14 Portman St, W1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 27 September at 6 p.m. Mr. N. S. Doniach: The Linguist at bay.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns. 5 p.m.: Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs, 25 Sept., 7.30, Caxton Hall, SW1: Teachings Common to Six Systems of Indian Philosophy. Vendanta bimonthly 2s. 6d.

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References available.

WEA Cent. London Classes: Music, History, Philosophy, Psychology, Economics, Literature, Art, etc. For Prog., s.a.e. to H. N. Binstock, 144 Goldhurst Tce, NW6. H. L. Beales lectures on The Class Struggle, Senate Hse, 7 p.m. Fri. 19 Sept. MUS. 5570.

LESCHETIZKY School of Pianoforte Playing (In memory of Mabel Lander). Patron: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Teachers: James Gibb, Sylvia Leeson, Mary Peppin, Geraldine Peppin. 66 Parkhill Rd., NW3. GUL. 3379.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on page 395

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